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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE first direct lead that the Conservative Party has had for months was given a few days ago by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The rank and file were at first a little surprised that any of its leaders should know his own mind, and still more astonished that anybody should venture to speak out and say exactly what he meant, in language understood of the people. But the response was instant, and the party has its tail up for the first time this year.

Long may it continue. There is a danger, of course, that now Mr. Baldwin is coming back everybody will be asked to go to sleep again, and that we shall be told, not what Conservative policy is, but what it is not; and there is also the danger that, even if a policy is formulated, it will be watered down to the usual meaningless compromise. But at least we have seen that

somebody in the party can lead; with the natural result that men are in better spirits than for many a long day.

The announcement that an Empire Free Trade candidate is to contest Blackpool at the next election is important. It has hitherto been a weakness of the independent Conservative movement—as has been pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW several times—that its efforts have been so largely confined to the South of England. That could not, of course, be helped at the start, but every electioneer knows that the North is ultimately more important, and I am glad to see that the fact has been appreciated.

Dr. Addison is a pushful and persuasive politician, and having neither a cottage at Lossiemouth nor a favourite watering-place in France, he does at least attend to his job at the Board of Agriculture. That is, at least, a virtue which is producing its own reward. The farmers are

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beginning to take notice of the Labour agricultural policy, and in at least one case I notice that a midland agricultural organization has accepted the policy "in principle."

They would have been wise, I think, to have inquired a little more closely before endorsing it. The guaranteed price for wheat is sound "in principle"; but until we know what the guarantee is worth, and what the price is to be, who can say whether the principle itself is worth accepting? On the essential points the scheme appears to be vagueness itself; and it is only part of a larger policy of control which would require very careful analysis by the agricultural interest before they could be accepted even "in principle."

The preliminary list of Dominion delegates to the Imperial Conference suggests that their strength varies inversely with affection for the Empire. The Irish Free State sends four ministers, with no fewer than twelve officials. South Africa sends three ministers and eight officials. The strength of Australia and New Zealand is six each, including three ministers for the former and two for the latter. For Canada the Prime Minister and three of his colleagues alone have been announced as yet. Perhaps in regard to political relations Mr. Bennett has to look for departmental advisers with more bias towards Empire unity than was apparent under the late regime.

To accommodate Mr. Bennett, the opening of the Conference has been postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday. It has sometimes happened before that political exigencies at home have prevented a Dominion prime minister from arriving in time. But it has always been felt that the deliberate absence of any of them would be a blow to the institution. Under the capital Resolution of 1907, they alone are ex-officio members of the Conference, excepting the British Secretary of State as chairman. Other ministers became members only by invitation of their chiefs for the particular session, and their right to speak is limited when their prime minister is there.

We have all read with sympathy and admiration of Mr. Scullin's gallant fight against illness to get here in time. But I have not heard that Mr. Cosgrave is unwell. For the third time, the President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, who corresponds to a prime minister, is conspicuously absent from the list of delegates, though in 1923 and 1926 he attended the opening meetings. Is his aloofness a gesture, now to be interpreted in connexion with the successful candidature of the Irish Free State for the Council of the League of Nations as a non-member of the British group? Is it meant to repudiate the Imperial Conference in its original and essential aspect as the practical agency of Empire unity?

I cannot help sympathizing with Portugal, Ireland's unsuccessful competitor at Geneva. If the British Empire, Latin America, Scandinavia, and Asia are to have a lien on the non-

permanent seats, and Spain and Poland are to be continually re-elected, the chances of the other powers ever getting on the Council are very remote. To all intents and purposes, members are co-opted, and though this system may work well on the whole it is unfair to such States as Portugal, and is certainly very far from being what President Wilson intended.

General Hertzog is one of those luckless people who are not blessed with a sense of humour. At Geneva he quite properly, from our point of view, lectured the League on the unwisdom of raising general questions in a mere academic spirit concerning Mandates. That means that the League has been academically critical of the Union Mandate. Such discussions in his opinion are a fruitful source of friction and irritation, destructive of close and harmonious co-operation. Could his own practice of raising questions of a constitutional character be more fitly described? Satan rebuking sin is the only possible analogy.

The publicity given to the wedding of a member of the Bourbon family with an elderly French duchess is a blot on journalism. It is inconceivable that anyone who was acquainted with the facts which caused the King of Spain to deprive the former of his rank and honours six years ago, could have written of him in the vein which the gossip-writer I have in mind adopted. I am no moralist, but as a journalist I am jealous for the honour of my profession, which is besmirched by the publication of news of this sort.

The panic in the Press over the Fascist successes in Germany still continues, and, if anything, it is greater than that displayed when the Allied front was broken in March, 1918. Yet Herr Hitler has been far more restrained since his victory than he was before it, and the only fresh proof of his activity has been the participation of his party in a coalition in Brunswick, which hardly seems enough to warrant the alarm that is so evident in Fleet Street.

The truth is that the British Press, and the Conservative section of it in particular, is making itself ridiculous by its attitude towards the German political situation. Papers which thunder daily against Mr. MacDonald, and support every move of Signor Mussolini, are urging the German Socialists to save their country from the menace of Fascist rule. Such a policy is worthy of the mad hatter.

Meanwhile, in Germany itself, the situation is still obscure. Negotiations for a fusion are taking place between the Fascists and the Nationalists, and if they are successful the new party will be the strongest in the Reichstag, and as such entitled to its Presidency. On the other hand, they may break down on the question of the monarchy, though in this connexion it is not without interest to note that Herr Hitler is being accompanied by Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, during the Fascist demonstrations this week-end.

The German Government and the Socialists have apparently, like our contemporaries in Fleet Street, not yet recovered from the state of stupefaction into which they were thrown by their opponents' successes at the polls. They may decide to hang together, or to be hanged separately, but they do not give me the impression of being any better fitted to save the parliamentary system than were Signori Giolitti, Facta, Nitti, and Don Sturzo in the months immediately preceding the march on Rome.

Readers who gain their information from daily newspapers are led to imagine that the slump in industry mainly affects Sheffield, Leeds, and the heavy industries, and that London, as the capital, is immune. This, of course, is quite untrue. The retail trades—in other words the big shops and women's stores—have already suffered severely.

To meet the smaller turnover, some of the big stores have had to take a drastic step. In addition to the ordinary annual holiday, they have imposed an extra week without wages on all their staffs, from the directors downward. As the average number of persons employed in a big store may be said to be four thousand, and the average wage five pounds a week, the saving estimated is £20,000.

This the directors can afford more easily, of course, than their subordinates, many of whom, unfortunately, are accustomed to spend their holidays in places as far from London as Torquay. Those who are confronted with such journeys have to find expensive railway fares in a week during which their income has stopped. While sympathizing with them, I find it hard to see what else the management could do, and note with interest the extension.

Probably the thing was inevitable. Some months ago a draper told me that the financial position was so serious that men were not only economizing on their wives, but on their mistresses; the Hatry case, it seems, had not only wrecked homes but other cosy little ménages of a discreet but expensive nature in various quarters of the town, and morality, being cheap, was fashionable again.

There is something to be said, I suppose, for sentencing editors to death, if only to encourage the others to behave themselves; the sentence need not necessarily be carried out, but promulgated as a warning. But even when the Soviet initiates a useful and even beneficent reform of this kind, it does the right thing in the wrong way. Most working journalists know many editors who could be—shall I say painlessly retired?—with advantage to their papers and the community, but almost the one man whom everybody has a good word for, both inside the craft and out, is Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld. It is he who has been sentenced as a gesture.

THE TWILIGHT OF EMPIRE

THE Imperial Conference opens next week in an atmosphere of good will amid gloom, and of expectation rather than hope. Four difficult years have passed since its last session was held, and in the meantime the chances of political life have almost completely changed its composition. But though the persons are different, the problems which face it remain the same; and the actual question is whether the assembled statesmen will see them and solve them, or merely talk at large and go home again.

The problem before the British Empire is no longer political but economic. The freedom of its constituent parts is assured; the full political autonomy of the several States is openly acknowledged. But its economic resources are still potential rather than actual. Its population is still small in comparison to its territory. Its development—agricultural, industrial, and financial—is still in its infancy. The question now is whether its statesmen can devise some method of constructive co-operation which will forward and increase those resources for the common good, or whether they will restrict their vision to their several local responsibilities, and fall back on provincial and partial methods rather than adopt the wider view of regarding the Empire as essentially a whole, with local differences and variations of fiscal practice indeed, but with economic unity as its ideal goal.

The smaller provincial policy is certainly easier; it demands neither imagination nor constructive thought from its promoters, and its entire lack of novelty obviates partisan criticism from opponents on the return home. But this smaller view of fiscal policy, admirable as it was fifty years ago, is admittedly inadequate for the world to-day; it needs to be supplemented rather than superseded by the recognition that common economic action is in the common economic interest of the whole. The times have changed and the conditions have changed; the autonomous political unit is no longer an economic or fiscal unit, and is likely to be even less so in the future.

To continue on the old path is therefore to handicap the development of the Empire and its people. It may save a little present friction at the price of heavy future loss; but inertia is not statesmanship, and no great Commonwealth has ever been built up on the line of least resistance. The simple method of turning one's back on difficulties at crucial moments is not statecraft: it turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, and Mr. Baldwin into a Premier without a policy.

The omens, however, are frankly unfavourable. The new Canadian Premier, fresh from his victory at the polls, has replied to the limited States tariff by fiscal action which will, no doubt, be effective on the land frontier of the Dominion,

but which will incidentally make the import of seaborne British goods more difficult. Australia, faced with an economic and financial crisis by no means entirely of her own making, has met her difficulties by similar action. Mr. Hertzog, the only survivor of the previous conference, appears to be thinking on political rather than economic lines. In 1926 he was perfectly satisfied by the Balfour declaration of equality of status; in 1930 he is not, and he desires to see that statement supplemented by the formal recognition of the right to secede. When men are thinking in terms of political secession, they are not likely to put forward suggestions in favour of economic co-operation.

At home the position appears to be even more unpromising and inchoate. A Labour Government in virtue of its principles is, at least theoretically, internationally and not imperially minded; and, what is more important in practice, it is frankly divided on fiscal policy. Half its members cannot make up their minds to say Free Trade any longer, the other half cannot make up their minds to say Protection. One group ratifies a meaningless tariff truce in Europe for six months, in order to queer the pitch; the other talks of import boards and scientific development, and thinks it has found a policy. Mr. Snowden is frozen from the head down, Dr. Addison is bubbling from the feet up; Mr. MacDonald is thinking in noble perorations that mean nothing, and Mr. Thomas is gyrating amiably from one side to the other, hoping and at times pretending that he, at least, means something.

The Government has exposed its incompetence in action on many occasions. Indeed, we can recall only one affair from which it emerged without actual defeat; it did manage to stand up to the Pope, who, as a sovereign without army or navy, could be attacked even by a pacifist Cabinet without serious risk. But a Government which has failed to reduce unemployment at home, or tariffs abroad, though both were part of its programme, is not likely to have any constructive policy for the British Empire, which is for the time being simply drifting through twilight and fog, a noble vessel with a splendid crew and a body of officers who cannot make up their minds what course to set. With luck we shall avoid a rock, but we do seem likely to run aground while the navigators are wondering whether to steer the craft towards Free Trade or Protection, or to some unknown Socialist haven where the young dons on the look-out believe they can control the world's trade in wheat and wool from an armchair in Whitehall.

IMPORT BOARDS

THERE is no doubt that Ministers are seriously considering the institution of Import Boards. There is equally no doubt that they are being driven towards this policy by purely tactical considerations. On the one hand, a large and growing section of their followers is adopting the view that overseas markets for British manufacturers can be found only by preferential arrangements with the Dominions; on the other hand, their own select company includes at least

one fanatical devotee to the dogmas of free trade. A welcome escape from their dilemma is provided by a device which combines the spirit of protection with the letter of fiscal orthodoxy.

It would be unkind to pry too closely into the means which an embarrassed Government may adopt to further a desirable end, and we admit at once that an expansion of inter-imperial trade is eminently desirable. But in the present case the plea is really not good enough. The system of competitive buying and selling can make one unassailable claim. It has been amazingly successful in the organization of markets. Never in all human history has the average man been able to satisfy his economic desires so rapidly or in such variety as now. It is really too much to ask that all this convenience should be jettisoned in order that Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas may continue to enjoy each other's company. The policy of import boards must be justified on its economic merits or it is not worth a thought.

Realizing this, its advocates have sought to make out an economic case. They contend that the competitive system functions through an instrument of melodramatic efficiency. This is the instrument of price, whereby supply and demand are kept in constant harmony with each other. Suppose supply exceeds demand. Then the producers tumble over one another in their eagerness to sell, prices fall, a demand is increased. Suppose demand exceeds supply. Then the consumers tumble over one another in their eagerness to buy, prices rise, a demand is checked. This is all very well as long as prices oscillate a little way on either side of equilibrium; their small but very frequent fluctuations are absorbed by wholesalers and middlemen. But when, as happened in the war, the equilibrium of supply and demand is violently disturbed, the change in price is too great to be absorbed and is passed on to the public. What is more, it is passed on in exaggerated form. As experience showed, a slight shortage made prices soar. It was necessary to put a stop to competitive buying and, as is well known, State purchase took its place. Prices, the argument goes on, still fluctuate sufficiently sharply for the average consumer to keep a watchful eye on the cost of living. Therefore, it is concluded, they should be stabilized by the action of State import boards buying in bulk for a term of years.

The premises of this argument are perfectly sound. What vitiates the conclusion is that they have no relevance for the world of to-day. During the war the trouble was due to scarcity and it was necessary to protect the interests of the consumer. Protection proved feasible because producers were prepared to acquiesce in a limited profit, provided that it was guaranteed, as it could be guaranteed, on the whole of their output. But to-day conditions are reversed. The trouble is due not to a scarcity but to a glut. It is the producer who asks to be protected. He still wants to sell to an authority which will take his output at a profitable figure, but what we have now to ask is whether the consumers, who, of course, far outnumber the producers, will consent to buy at prices exceeding world prices.

Clearly they will do nothing of the sort, and "Your food is costing you more" is a cry which

no Government dare face. The import board would receive an absolute order to sell at a loss in order to bring the cost of living down and keep the Government in office. The loss would be borne by the Treasury with the final result that all the evils of the dole would be aggravated by the operation of a concealed food subsidy side by side with it.

These are not mere bogies. The thing has happened. During and after the war the Sugar Commission bought and sold with great discretion and built up a small reserve fund against the eventual risks of decontrol. Then the politicians intervened. The cost of living was rising, not through scarcity but through the fall in the purchasing power of money. But the Cabinet had pledged its word that the cost of living would fall and, so far as sugar was concerned, it was in a position to make it fall. Accordingly it compelled the Sugar Commission to sell at prices which involved the State in a loss of £22,000,000.

The truth is that the notion that prices can be kept steady by import boards is a mere dream. If supply and demand are in harmony, import boards are superfluous; if they are not in harmony, import boards are futile. For one of two things must happen. Either prices will rise sharply, in which case producers will repudiate their contracts; or they will fall sharply, in which case consumers will rebel.

It remains to note the fallacy of two other considerations urged in favour of import boards. The first is that they will keep prices steady by co-ordinating demand and supply. Here, again, reference is made to war experience and here again the experience is irrelevant. The war caused very abrupt alterations both in supply and in demand and a special machinery was required to deal with them. The far more gradual alterations in peace time are dealt with in the exchange markets which every trade sets up. If further co-ordination is required—and there is certainly work to be done in estimating the power of the Empire to meet its own requirements—the work should be performed not by an import board but by an *ad hoc* body analogous to the Empire Marketing Board.

The other consideration is that import board prices can be kept at about the same level as world prices if the board is instructed to satisfy only a portion of its needs from Empire sources and is left free to complete its requirements in the world market, which it would enter only at specially favourable moments, thus gaining, for example, on the Chicago swings what it lost on the Winnipeg roundabouts. Unfortunately, this pretty contention is pure nonsense. So far as the principal foodstuffs are concerned the world market is substantially the British market. All other countries live, in the main, of their own. We alone import on a really big scale. If we withdraw from the world market it would become too small to determine producers' prices and our unfortunate import boards would find themselves instructed to regulate their purchases from the Dominions by reference to a price-scale which had ceased to exist! Unless our national common sense has deserted us we shall never permit so absurd a situation to arise.

FRANCO-ITALIAN RELATIONS

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

ONE of the few definite results of the recent Naval Conference has been to rouse British public opinion, or rather that small section of it which takes any interest in international politics, to an appreciation of the misunderstandings which at the present time cloud the relations between France and Italy. Unfortunately, however, there is also an undoubted tendency in this country to attribute the resulting difficulties to the Italian demand for naval parity and to the French refusal to agree to it, so that it is generally considered that the question at issue is merely one of tonnage. If such were really the case, the problem would not be serious, but the differences between the two countries unhappily go much deeper. Indeed, it would be no great exaggeration to say that until the Naval Conference forced it to the front, the relative size of their fleets was not by any means one of the chief bones of contention between the two Latin Powers.

In these circumstances, a clear statement of the case was much needed, and its appearance* is to be welcomed, though one cannot avoid a passing feeling of regret that it has not been made in the English language. Signor Simonatti is excellently qualified to treat of such a subject, and he has done his work well. An Italian who has resided in Paris for a great number of years, he knows intimately both the country of his adoption and that of his birth, while his moderation is an added recommendation of his conclusions. He has, in short, the happy knack of distinguishing between the fundamental and the superficial in the problems of which he treats, and his book should not only be read, but pondered, by every student of modern Europe.

There can be no doubt, as Signor Simonatti maintains, that the temperaments of the two peoples make it very difficult for them to understand one another. The Italian is by nature sanguine and enthusiastic, and Fascism has but increased his original optimism. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is apt to assume a pose of disillusionment, while his irony, when applied to the foreigner and his institutions, is hardly calculated to make him better liked by his neighbours. The Italian resents such witticisms as the description of Signor Mussolini as a "Carnival Cæsar," and, when one remembers a certain famous cartoon of Queen Victoria in *Le Rire* at the time of the South African War, it is difficult not to sympathize with him. Then, again, official France has always assumed an irritating air of superiority towards Italy, which the inhabitants of the latter can but deem highly offensive. Unfortunately, there is only too much reason to suppose that this feeling permeates the Quai d'Orsay, and it is certainly incarnate in M. Philippe Berthelot, that Père Joseph of M. Briand. France, indeed, is an old nation, and Italy is a new one, though with an ancient civilization; and the former, forgetful of her own tempestuous youth, will not make any allowances for her neighbour.

The revival of Italy under Signor Mussolini has also been a very unpleasant shock to a France which refused to take her seriously, and Fascism has not yet been understood West of the Alps. It is still regarded as the synonym of reaction, with the result that the Duce is acclaimed by French Conservatives whose policy does not in reality agree with his in a single point. The progressive aspect of Fascism is ignored, and only the more repressive of its actions receive attention. This misunderstanding of the present regime in Italy is exploited by the exiles, who leave no stone

* "On Prépare un Crime: La Guerre Franco-Italienne." Par Mario Simonatti. Editions de la "Revue Mondiale." 12 fcs.

turned to embitter the relations between the two countries.

Repeated outrages lead Italian opinion to suspect official connivance with the exiles' plots, and the French record in such matters is none too good, as the history of the Carlist movement proves. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the first step in the improvement of Franco-Italian relations must be an effective supervision of the exiles in Paris. After all, there are plenty of Italian Liberals living in England, but they are not allowed to cause friction by assaulting Fascist officials; while Signor Mussolini adopted an extremely correct attitude when M. Daudet was in exile. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and France would be very rightly indignant if her consuls were to be murdered by *Camelots du Roi* in the streets of Italian cities.

Differences of temperament and of institutions are not, however, by any means the whole story. Resentment over the seizure of Tunis has never really died down, and the failure to arrive at any permanent settlement of the status of Italian subjects in that Protectorate has tended to keep it alive. The conquest of Tripoli has complicated the matter by raising the question of the Tunisian frontiers, which were never clearly defined in the old days of Ottoman rule, while Italian activity in the Tangier Zone has roused misgivings in France. The fact, of course, is that Italy does not wish to lose her citizens merely because they have happened to settle on French soil, while assimilation of the stranger within the gate has been the policy of Paris since the days of Philip Augustus, though it must be admitted that in this respect the Third Republic has not been so successful as previous regimes. As for any alleged desire on the part of Italy to annex Corsica, Nice, and Savoy, it may be dismissed as a figment of the imagination of those who want to make trouble. No doubt a few of the more irresponsible Fascists have demanded this, just as some apparently sane Conservatives talked of "kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne" when the Irish Church was disestablished, but there are enough difficulties in the way of Franco-Italian reconciliation without attaching to such vapourings an importance which they certainly do not deserve.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that Italians of all shades of political opinion consider that their country was badly treated at the time of the Peace Conference. It is true that she received Trieste and the Trentino, together with (thanks to D'Annunzio) Fiume, but although she was the only one of the Allies with a superabundant population, not a single mandate came her way. In these circumstances it is easy to understand why she is not by any means so enamoured of the *status quo* as France, who did very well indeed out of the war. Were there no such thing as the Monroe Doctrine, or rather, if it did not exercise so hypnotic an influence upon European statesmen, it might be possible to satisfy Italian ambitions in the New World, but so far Uruguay alone has recognized the right of dual citizenship, and that in itself is little enough. Such being the case, there is a growing support in Italy of the German demand for a general revision of the Peace Treaties, in the belief that in this event she would be better treated than she was at Versailles. This sentiment, of course, is estranging Italy still further from France, where the Peace settlement is regarded as sacrosanct, and the only way for the latter to check its growth is to prove to her neighbour that her desires can be satisfied within its framework.

Of these manifold disagreements the naval problem is but the outcome. France refuses to entertain the Italian claim to parity on the ground that she is upon two seas and her neighbour is upon one. To this the reply is that Italy has to think not only of the Mediterranean, but also of the Adriatic, where France's

ally Jugo-Slavia is increasing her supply of submarines. Then there is the attitude of Spain to be taken into account, for great attention is being paid to the navy in that country, and the Infante Don Juan has just joined it, being thus the first Spanish Prince to go to sea since his namesake the victor of Lepanto. All these considerations take us back to the realm of politics, and until the political questions have been settled the naval problem will continue to exist. Had Mr. MacDonald been anything more than the merest novice in diplomacy he would have postponed the Naval Conference until a political agreement had been reached between the three Latin Powers, and his failure to take this course ruined the prospect of securing effective disarmament. In spite, therefore, of the decision of the French and Italian Governments to postpone fresh warship construction until the end of the year, the naval problem is merely in abeyance, and it cannot be definitely settled until the political differences have first been adjusted.

Fortunately there are many men in France of the first rank who appreciate the seriousness of the present position, and are using their influence in favour of a better understanding of the Italian point of view. Signor Grandi, on the other side, is sincere in his desire for the establishment of more friendly relations, while it is a matter of the deepest concern to every European that the clouds which are gathering over the Alps should be dispersed at the earliest possible moment.

THE REAL AFRICA—II

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

UP betimes and off across the plains to Machakos, lying among the distant blue hills in the Wakamba country. Ostriches race the car, and there are the usual herds of buck and zebra, though we fail to see any giraffes.

Machakos is a tidy little place among the Kenya hills, south-east of Nairobi, its streets crowded with natives. The Wakamba are black in comparison with most East African tribes. Their two special peculiarities are their remarkable mechanical aptitudes and their dental habits. Their native metal industry is well known, and they are in great demand as chauffeurs and mechanics. As to teeth, the tribal custom was for all men to have them sharply filed to a point, after the fashion so prevalent in parts of the Congo and popularly supposed to denote cannibal propensities. As if this were not enough, they often extract their own teeth, then take those of animals, sheep or hartebeest, file their ends, shape their bases, and screw them into the vacant sockets. When first I read of this in a popular book, I refused to credit it; but it is sober fact. These artificial teeth can be made to project further than natural ones, with points filed so as to protrude in a curve, giving the mouth an inhuman, dragonish or fish-toothed look. The tooth-filing process is excruciating, and so, I gather, is the screwing-in of false teeth; but what will not human beings undergo in the pursuit of fashion? Do not let us forget tight-lacing and eighteen-inch waists! The decay of teeth and general sepsis of the mouth which these practices promote is serious; not even the most ardent upholder of native customs can regret that the habit is now on the decline.

At the Government School we saw a brilliant drill display by the older lads (mostly apprentices on the technical side); and the workshops were a delight, clean and cool, with slim black boys, keen-looking and attractive in their shorts and blouses, busy at carpenter's bench or forge, sewing-machine or cobbler's last.

The significance of such a school dawned on me fully later on, when we visited a couple of native

villages out in the reserve. Untidy and primeval, a few rough beehive huts on a dirty space surrounded by an irregular hedge of thorns—these are the tribal homes, these the kind of surroundings among which the boys in the school had grown up. The boys may, perhaps, lose something of value in return for the cleanliness, smartness and skill which they acquire, but it is hard to think that on balance there is not great gain.

Besides the technical branch, there is a general side to the school. One very encouraging feature here was the attention given to nature study and to local native industries. The assistant European master had got together a fine collection of stools, carved walking sticks, metal-work chains, ear-ornaments and the like, and the boys spent some of their time copying these, instead of always working on European models (usually not in the best taste), as is the case in most schools.

There was one entertaining moment. My host, the Director of Education, had been attempting since his arrival in Kenya to purge native education of academic absurdities, such as giving young Africans fresh from the bush Readers which presupposed a knowledge of European climate and scenery and history, or set them sums concerned with problems so highly germane to their lives as the papering of rooms, or the rate at which baths fill when hot and cold taps are on and the plug is out. And he was congratulating himself on having impressed upon his Department the need for common sense in such matters. As we went through the school, however, and I turned over the pages of the boys' exercise books, my eye was caught by the following problem: "Convert 5,555,555 farthings to pounds, shillings and pence." Farthings do not exist in East African currency; and even in Britain the problem could hardly be said to have a vital connexion with everyday life. The old ways die hard!

The hills are of a fantastic beauty, for instead of green or withered brown they show red, violet, chestnut, purple. But this beauty is a beauty of death. The brilliant colour is the colour of the earth's flesh that should be hidden. Not only is there scarcely a blade of grass on the slopes, but over large tracts the soil has been swept away, and the subsoil or the bare rock itself lies naked to the sky.

This is all due to tree-felling and over-grazing. Not many centuries back, these hills were green with forest. As new migrations flooded the land with their black and brown human waves, new peoples penetrated the hills, hunting gave place to agriculture, and the forest was burned and cut from the plains upwards until only a few scattered groves and sacred trees remained. But grass sprang up where the trees had grown before, and the hills were still green, though grazed by thousands of cattle. But after the coming of the white man conditions again changed. Now there were no longer any raids, so that the population, both human and bovine, increased. The tribe was restricted to a definite Reserve, much of which is not suitable for cattle owing to tick-bone disease. They could no longer ease pressure by migration, nor was pressure automatically eased by the raids of warlike neighbours such as the Masai. Yet the immemorial attitude towards cattle has changed less among the Wakamba even than in other tribes; cattle for them are still the emblem of social success, the only desirable form of wealth. A settler who has lived for many years on the borders of the Wakamba reserve told me how once an old man of the tribe, whom he had asked why his compatriots refused to sell their beasts or to cull out the poor stock, replied: "Well, you see, we old men like to get a little drunk and sit about and tell each other how many cattle we've got." Where there is no possibility of talking about your score at golf, your latest car, or your distinguished friends, this is perhaps as good a pastime for the old as any other; but, unfortunately, it is helping to ruin the tribe.

The carrying capacity of the reserve was exceeded, the grass was eaten down here and there, the browsing pressure of the herds of cattle was concentrated on what was left, creating a vicious circle, until the soil was exposed without its protecting blanket of herbage, and in many places was washed away down to the naked rock beneath. A recent estimate put the stock-carrying capacity of the reserve at 60,000 head of cattle; there are now on it 240,000 cattle, not to mention over a quarter of a million goats!

The immediate misery is bad enough; the mischief done to the land is even more serious. It is easy enough to set erosion going. But once started it will continue at an increasing velocity; it is much harder to restore soil once it has been washed away. Two things seem urgent—to reduce the cattle to reasonable numbers; and to proceed with a broadly-conceived plan of afforestation to temper the violent run-off down the slopes and give the grass a new chance. Forestry is beginning. The native councils themselves are planting trees in the valleys; but this is mainly for wood. The Forestry Department has begun a scheme of planting the tops and watersheds. But this is being hindered by the suspicions of the natives, who regard this as a Government dodge to filch land from them: so do harsh land policies come home to roost!

The Wakamba demand more land as a remedy; and in default of a formal grant are erupting from the Reserve into various stretches of Crown land and into other Native Reserves, naturally creating unrest and disorder. But new land, even if much were available, would be no remedy: it too, in a decade or so, would become over-grazed, under-grazed and generally ruined. The Agricultural Commission recommends the establishment of a meat-factory, to be run at a loss if need be for a time, until the danger is over; and some form of compulsory culling of the stock. Here again, however, the psychology of the "cattle-standard" of economics raises difficulty. Bulls, heifers and steers have different values, as have pound notes, ten-shilling notes and half crowns. But all cattle of one category are equally valuable to the Wakamba, just as all pound notes, new or old, are worth a pound to us. The Mkamba knows that such and such a price is being given for a good working ox: he expects as much money for the wretchedest beast, in the same way as we should be much aggrieved if we were to find the purchasing power of an old dilapidated bank-note only half that of a nice new one.

It really looks as if compulsion—combined, let us hope, with the best kind of propaganda—will be necessary: but it is quite on the cards that it will cause serious discontent. The Agricultural Commission tentatively suggests that special coins bearing the image of a bull, and pierced to be worn on the person, might be minted for use in the reserve. They would in the first instance be paid over only for stock sold to the meat-factory, and it is suggested that the collection and display of such "cattle-coins" might take the place of the amassing of actual cattle (as baseball has been substituted for head-hunting in parts of the Philippines). It all sounds very Gilbertian; but when the initial situation is so topsy-turvy, perhaps comic remedies will help.

An incident of the afternoon will illustrate the effect of over-grazing on the cattle themselves. I was walking across a hillside with another visitor from England, when a herd of cattle hove in sight. They were so small that I ironically remarked: "Fine goats, aren't they?" My companion, interested in something else, cast a half-glance at them, and said with perfect seriousness, "Yes, they're really quite good goats"—a statement which well portrays their size.

Driving back to Nairobi, the Wakamba hills, illuminated by the sunset light, took on the most astonishing colours—red and burnt sienna and purple. It was hard to remember that their bright beauty was a beauty of doom and death.

TOURS THROUGH LITERARY ENGLAND—XII

THROUGH THE A. E. HOUSMAN COUNTRY

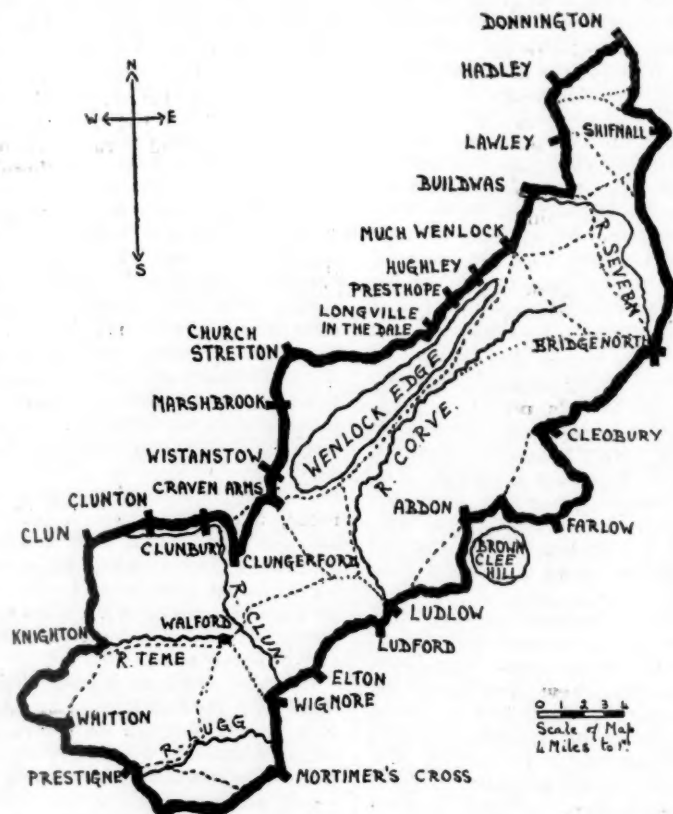
IN this tour the traveller has two exercises to perform. One is to reconcile prevailing conditions with those that obtained in the days when The Shropshire Lad lived in the county. The other is to use with circumspection an initiative that will (or should) turn the steering wheel towards attractive country that is apparently well charted but which, in reality, is deceptive. This applies particularly to the south-west corner of Shropshire—west of Knighton and Clun, which are the outlying border of the route suggested in the accompanying sketch-map. If Ludlow has been the starting point of the tour, and if the direction followed is that of the sun, it will please the adventurous to describe two sides of a triangle and, instead of taking the map route and straight road from Knighton to Clun, to strike off to Beguildy and Felindre and bear north to The Anchor—an inn where the three counties of Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire and Shropshire meet.

This is a spot worth finding, but it is elusive and on some sides difficult of approach. Signposts betray no hint of this and glibly announce in fresh paint that many a road goes to The Anchor. On the principle that all roads lead eventually to the Rome for which we search, these roads are probably correctly sign-posted, but this part of the world patronizes roads that rapidly turn into lanes, cart tracks, "gated" paths and rough byways quite frequently crossed by waters forceful enough to deserve the name of rivers. The motor car is not yet sufficiently amphibian to negotiate deep fords, with a muddy bed and, however pushed for time, the traveller will do better to turn in his tracks when confronted with a young torrent than to adopt the "have at it" policy and forge ahead.

But supposing that The Anchor has been sought and found, a comfortably "main" road running due east to Clun will prove a happy issue out of the motorist's afflictions, and he will drive straight into that patch of Shropshire of which A. E. Housman wrote, "Clunton and Clunbury, Clungerford Clun, Are the quietest places Under the sun." They still almost merit this description, for they lie in a part of the county that has been fortunate in escaping the concentrated inroads of the builder and baker and chimney-stack maker.

From Church Stretton along the northern line of Wenlock Edge—so familiar to A. E. Housman and, consequently, to lovers of 'The Shropshire Lad' and 'Last Poems'—it becomes more difficult to picture the Shropshire of forty years ago. But to imagine Hughley, The Wrekin, Shrewsbury, Buildwas and the country surrounding as it is described in the Housman poems, is to "discover" so many of the landscapes beloved by The Shropshire Lad that sympathy with his outlook, his hopes and fears, heartbreaks and happiness will come easily, even to those who commonly feel his themes have been overrated.

If there are any Housman lovers who are not aware of this already, it will come as a disappointment to them to learn that the famous Bredon Hill of the poem of that name is not in Shropshire but in Worcestershire, eight miles north-east of Tewkesbury. It is not possible to include it in the itinerary of this tour, though it will be on the map when the Masefield country is covered. The other hills mentioned by Housman in his poems lie to the right and left of the motorist on his southward course from Bridgenorth to Ludlow. Clee Hill, Brown Clee Hill, Titterstone, are all within sight from the road; Abdon-under-Clee, written of in Poem XLI in 'Last Poems,' and the rivers Corve, Severn, Clun and Teme mentioned more than once in



Sketch-map showing route through the A. E. Housman country. Dotted lines indicate main roads and alternative routes.

both volumes of poems, are all touched in turn in this tour.

It is safe to predict that Ludlow will hold and hammer the motorist's attention and interest more than any of the Housman localities. Given, even, that the main object in visiting this little township is "Housman," and not Ludlow-for-Ludlow's-sake, the place has enough charm in itself to justify prolonged inspection. It is not necessary to quote here the Ludlow references in the Housman poems since they are probably clear in the visitor's mind. It needs but little imagination to set The Shropshire Lad's value upon the town that was to him the London of his world; one has just to remember that in his day the local fair instead of the cinema was the attraction, that drew him from the furrow, that the barracks and the recruiting office and the sight of Ludlow Castle fired the imaginations of the lads "from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold" instead of the motor cycle and the pillion seat of to-day, that an hour or

two in the market-place on a Saturday evening was the "week-end" of his time.

To see the world as he saw it, one must think of simple pleasures, a more rural countryside, a vocabulary that knew no such expressions as "an eight-hour day," "the dole," "a whist-drive in the Town Hall," "off for the week-end," "cheap day-excursions by motor-coach," and other catch-words that have come to compose a complete programme of life. Ludlow is not behind the times. But it would be interesting to hear Housman deliver himself of a verdict upon its present-day virtues and vices. He writes, in his preface to 'Last Poems,' in 1922, that he "can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement" under which he wrote the greater part of his other book in 1895, so that it "is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more." This gives the impression that there were stirring times in Shropshire forty years ago and that all the modern attractions of Shrewsbury and Ludlow put together would be incapable of providing him with "excitement" now.

What about ourselves? Can we recapture on Wenlock Edge the "continuous excitement" that inspired the Shropshire Lad or at Abdon-under-Clee catch some of his enthusiasm over "idle pleasures," or experience lyrical emotion at the sight of Shrewsbury jail, or find a subtle significance in Hughley Steeple, or discover cause for gladness or sorrow at Knighton? Each of us must answer for himself. Certain it is that his country gave Housman so virile an inspiration that he is quoted widely to-day, his songs are sung, and his style cited in anthologies and commentaries on poets and their works.

Harold Williams, H. P. Collins and Harold Monro in their books on this subject have devoted thoughtful chapters to Housman. Collins considers that "the Shropshire which Mr. Housman's poems apprehend is as the Warwickshire seen by Adam Bede—indeed, a less educated Adam Bede; not Warwickshire seen by George Eliot. The Shropshire Lad speaks of things as he feels them: Mr. Housman does not stand behind him to tell us how else they might have been felt"—and that "this is an uncommon thing in modern literature." It is not necessary to be a native of Shropshire or a literary critic to agree with this, but it is possible to say, by way of final summary, that Housman and his Shropshire make us love them both by (what Monro calls) "the native impulses that flow through the stanzas of that new intellectual folk-poetry Housman has so deftly invented."

M. E. P.-G.

N.B.—No. 13 of 'Tours Through Literary England,' which will appear in the issue of October 11, will be through the John Masefield country.

THE WALKING ONION MAN

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

HE walked along the high road with a set purpose in his face which looked, and was, utterly foreign to the English landscape. From the long stick resting on his left shoulder depended, at either end, a string of beautiful onions. In the sunlight they looked like huge sunburnt pearls. If ever a man was wrapped in his thoughts this onion man was. He was thinking of the day when he would no longer need to cross on the onion-smelling steamer from Roscoff and tramp the English roads, of the day when he should be married in the grey stone church and walk arm in arm with his bride through the grey streets, and eat his wedding feast in the Market Hall and dance to the bagpipes afterwards, and then go with Marie Louise to a grey stone cottage. Of romance he had none in the ordinary way;

he was Pierre Marsac, son of Jean Marsac, grandson of Pierre Marsac, all three of them burnt deep brown by the sun and the sea. And he sold onions as his father and grandfather had done before him.

At the present moment he longed for a glass of raw, red wine, a cigarette and some bread and cheese, but first he must sell some onions.

No one that day seemed to want onions or to care to listen to his halting English. He longed to hear his own language spoken, even badly. In other words, he was homesick for the first time, and in his sad poetic mind he wanted something he could not define. If only he had a dog!

Pierre Marsac asked but little of life, knowing he could get but little, but just now he would have liked a bit of fun and a wine shop, and the smell of Caporal tobacco.

The English were very pleasant but they were very English, and the landscape, all rolling downs, was very English. He had been to England at least twenty times and never felt at home there. His beat lay over a south-western district this time and new to him. As a rule he walked either to London or Birmingham. He rarely went by train unless he had a big stock. This time he had chosen Southampton to Plymouth and back by a roundabout way. In his pockets he carried soap and a razor, money, tobacco and cigarette papers and a very thumbled notebook and the stump of a pencil with which to mark down his sales. Wind and rain, sun or tempest meant very little to him; they had been his companions since childhood. His father had lost an arm in the war and one foot had been badly injured. Now he made the onions up into strings, working with an artificial arm which hurt him.

His store of onions had been sent on to a station sixteen miles away from where he was now, so the milestones told him. He had enough English for that, for his sales, to obtain food and a bed. In the summer time in good weather he slept in fields, in wagon sheds or barns.

People said as he passed by, "That's one of those Breton onion men." He was much more than that, he was a man deeply romantic, deeply in love, a man whose footsteps said, "Marie Louise, Marie Louise," as he walked.

On Sundays he went to Mass, if he could find a Catholic church, and after church he would drink a glass or two of beer and eat a little meat and bread and cheese. He often wondered why English people never made good thick vegetable soup, but they were queer people, the English. They were not unkind and they tried to talk to him sometimes; some of them tried soldiers' French on him, but he found it too difficult to understand.

He liked the grey days best because they reminded him of home, and he liked those roads from which he could get a sight of the sea which he loved and feared, and sometimes, when he came to a gate and a view of the sea, he would ease his shoulder of its burden of onions and, standing leaning on the gate smoking one of those pale, tasteless English cigarettes if he had run out of Caporal tobacco, and ponder on the difference between the Breton and English sheep and cows and his heart would thrill when a thrush sang. He had never heard a thrush sing in Brittany. A vision often came before his eyes when he stood looking at a field and the sea, a stone cottage would grow up and a big strong girl in black, with a spotless white cap, would come out of the house with a bundle of washing under her arm, and she would walk away to the little busy stream where she would join a group of chattering women hard at work slapping and banging at dirty linen on flat stones. Then the vision would fade and Pierre Marsac would gather up his pole and renew his lonely tramp.

My village is notable as being essentially English and utterly unspoilt. It is not big and it is very scattered,

but we have a straggling row of houses hedging the main road with human aspirations, an old church and two inns. I sometimes take my morning ale at "The Green Man," which stands at one end of the village, and sometimes at "The Fisherman's Arms," which is a mile away and on the sea. It was at "The Green Man" I met my Breton. He was standing irresolutely outside, so I spoke to him in French and invited him in. Very soon we were chatting to the surprise of Bream, who makes our coffins, and Hunerry, who is only 81 and is a working gardener. I asked Prudence Joy, whose name sounds made up but is not, if she had any red wine, and produced a very dusty bottle which she proclaimed to be claret, so I bought that. Prudence, being the landlady, and Pierre (I had found out his name) and I drank, and he ate some ham and bread and cheese which I had ordered, and we talked of his beloved country, which I know well. To his delight I dragged in my few Breton sentences, and soon he told me about Marie Louise, and the cow and the pig and the chickens they would have one day, and the stone cottage and the Breton bed set deep into the wall like a cupboard, and of a pair of brass candlesticks he had set his heart on. Bream and Hunerry listened and I tried to explain every now and again, and when they went they both said "Bong jaw," which delighted Pierre. Old Miss Joy bought a few onions and I bought a few, and Bob Symonds, the carrier, who came in just then, bought a few because we had, and after that Pierre and I set off down the main road westward as I said I would see him out of the village. We passed the cobbler's, the Post Office, which is also the lending library, information bureau, stationer's and heaps of other things, and has a red Government bicycle leaning casually outside as a rule, and we passed "The Coach and Horses," which is the larger inn, where the fates of nations are decided every evening, and we passed the old stone church, and Joe, the thatcher, at work—we are nearly all under thatch—and at the end of the village we came to Daisy Cottage, where old Mrs. Johns does the Vicarage and the House washing.

It happened to be Tuesday and the washing was hanging out to dry in the orchard. The intimate garments of the Vicar and his good wife and his two daughters were billowing in the breeze alongside of the washing of the House, but slightly separated and not on billowing terms as was the case at the moment, and Pierre made this surprising remark: "It is like the world, Monsieur, so much of dirty washing in public, and so much wind." He said it gravely, then held out a hand which I shook, and we parted.

DOCTOR OR DETECTIVE?

THE doctor's task is in many ways more difficult, less capable of any sort of standardization, than that of any other practitioner of applied science. An art devoted to the remedying of defects in the most complicated object with which we are acquainted demands a basis of organized knowledge of very great extent and particularity. Only those who know how relatively insignificant in bulk is the body of science behind the medical art can begin to appreciate either the doctor's handicap or the absurdity of the attempt to confine medical practice within standard frames by formal regulations. The physician's services cannot be measured as bread is measured, either quantitatively or qualitatively; nor is his knowledge a collection of final truths, which have but to be taught and applied. Medicine is, indeed, almost as individual a matter as literature or painting; and few people—even among the cultivated—have more than the vaguest notion of the problems which constantly face practising doctors.

Most of the men and women of this country are now doctored under what is known as the panel system; and the British Medical Association has lately formulated a scheme whereby nearly everybody is to be brought under an extended variant of that system. There is nothing the matter with the panel system—pace Dr. Graham Little—but there is a very great deal the matter with the way in which, up to now, it has been administered and interpreted. At the recent Trades Union Congress, Mr. Ernest Bevin referred to the medical service given to "the working class" to-day as "a tragedy of incompetence." That the present service is, on the whole, an improvement on the doctoring previously available to the majority of working people is probably true; but this is not saying much. That, compared with the roseate picture drawn by the enthusiastic promoters of the Health Insurance Act, it is, as Mr. Bevin says, a tragedy of incompetence, is equally true. Are the factors to which this relative failure is due inherent in the system itself; or are they incidental and remediable? It is contended by some that inefficiency is inevitable in any service organized on contract lines—that is, on the lines of payment per head, well or ill. But it is difficult to see in what way payment on a capitation basis is more demoralizing than payment by a salary, or by the personal extraction of a variable fee from each patient at the time when he can least afford it. The real trouble lies elsewhere.

The basic evil consists in the imposition on the doctor of two incompatible tasks. He is asked to combine the function of a sympathetic healer with that of a cynical detective. It simply cannot be done. It is absolutely impossible effectively to practise the healing art, if all the time it is part of one's official duty to mistrust every statement a patient makes. It is not the capitation payment, but the business of certification, which has made panel doctoring the fiasco it commonly is. The increasing tangle of regulations—totally unrelated to the medical care of the patient—has forced diagnosis and treatment into a subsidiary place. The office chairs of Whitehall appear to attach small importance to such details. One recalls Sir Clifford Allbutt's assertion that those responsible for the Health Insurance Act were "content with an antiquated notion of medicine and of medical service. For such and such a disease, such and such a drug; take the mixture, drink it regularly, and get well if Nature will let you."

A leading article in *The Times*, commenting on the heavy penalties recently imposed by the Ministry of Health on certain acknowledgedly conscientious and efficient doctors for a strange new offence called "excessive prescribing," will have given many people an idea of the degrading conditions that doctors engaged in general practice are now called upon to observe unless they are willing to forgo all part in the medical treatment of the working population. As *The Times* points out, "the doctor in charge of a case is the only competent judge of the needs of that case. His right of judgment cannot be usurped by anybody else, not even by a committee of his professional colleagues. For he alone sees the patient, observes the signs of disease, and is in possession of the knowledge on which treatment must be based." The writer of the leading article adds: "The public may well wonder how it has come about that the medical profession has so long tolerated interference in this matter."

Medicine, as has been said, is not an exact science or a standardized craft; and originality, imagination, enthusiasm and human understanding—the qualities that have always characterized the best type of family doctor—are at least as important as the small amount of formal knowledge at present available. But these are things which bureaucratic administration and inter-

ference inevitably destroy. As a writer in the *Lancet* puts it: "Originality and devotion, as things are at present, are as likely as neglect or incapacity to bring the practitioner before some or other tribunal entitled to demand an explanation of his eccentricity"; and this writer goes on to say that, unless the evils consequent on the self-assertiveness and spiritual pettiness of the bureaucracy—lay and medical—that is more and more firmly establishing itself, are removed, "we may increasingly expect to find that men of character and independence will avoid the panel service, which will attract mainly those susceptible to the bait of a fairly good assured income for uninspired routine work."

In our talk of medical development, efficient organization, laboratory facilities, and so on, we are apt to forget the object of all these things—the patient himself. What the best type of practitioner has always recognized is that his patient is something more than a machine—something different from a test tube within which interesting reactions may be observed. The "difficulties" presented by the idiosyncrasies of patients may be annoying, but they are not, like the reproofs and penalties of officialdom, stultifying and humiliating. As a matter of fact, technically ill-informed as he often is, and not always clever at distinguishing sincerity from its simulacrum, the patient is, on the whole, the only person who can even begin to estimate the value of his doctor's services. It is in the privacy of the consulting room and by the bedside that the doctor's real work is done; and it is the doctor's pride and conscience, not any rules or regulations drawn up in Whitehall or elsewhere, that determine the quality and value of that work. To quote M. Emile Faguet, "There is a moral as well as a technical efficiency, and, in limiting the independence that is essential to moral efficiency, Democracy neutralizes the technical efficiency of its servants."

QUAERO

A WHIG DOGE

By A. A. B.

"THE last Doge of Whiggism" was the characteristic Harcourtian gibe at Lord John Russell in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* of the 'fifties. But Sir William Harcourt was wrong, for he was himself in turn a Whig doge, and positively the last of the breed was the late Duke of Devonshire. This book* is a classical biography of a statesman who, together with Palmerston, occupied the stage for the twenty middle years of the last century. The style is cool; the judgments careful and tolerant, and the skill with which Mr. Wyatt Tilby contrives to keep his subject in the centre of his crowded canvas, and sturdily resists temptation to wander off into the by-paths of contemporary portraits, reveals the trained hand. For it is needless to say that the life of Lord John Russell might easily have swelled into a history of England from 1830 to 1866 under a less austere pen. I am grateful to Mr. Tilby for having spared us a thrice-told tale, for what is there new to be said about Palmerston, Peel, Gladstone or Disraeli? Yet by the artistry of concentration the author has produced a living and sympathetic portrait of a statesman over whom oblivion has been induced to creep.

If, however, Lord John Russell is well-nigh forgotten, and even by historical writers is treated with imperfect sympathy, it seems to me largely his own fault, for a more unamiable and exasperating public

character is not to be met with, unless it is Sir Robert Peel. Curiously enough, the only one of his contemporaries who did justice to Lord John as a parliamentarian was Disraeli, who, in his 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' has made ample amends by sober eulogy, for having compared the Whig leader in the 'Runnymede Letters' (written before he was in Parliament) to an insect—specifically, if I remember right, a beetle. But Disraeli, first as a free lance and then as leader of a hopeless Tory remnant, came to sympathize with the lonely little figure on the front bench, and to appreciate the patience, fairness and good temper with which he fought what seemed at first the hopeless and always uphill battle of parliamentary reform. Russell was acute and never missed a point; but he never did anything mean or took an unfair advantage.

Not that I am in the least enamoured of Mr. Wyatt Tilby's hero, who in my eyes was peevish, quarrelsome and the most mischievous statesman of the last century. His vanity was astonishing, even for a public man, and his jealousy of Palmerston was the cause of that political instability and impotence which, during the ten years between 1849 and 1859, reduced the influence of England in Europe to its lowest ebb. That period comprised the Crimean Wars, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian War and the Schleswig-Holstein trouble. How nearly those two bouncing, reckless old men, Russell and Palmerston, let us in for war with Prussia, Austria, France and the Pope everybody knows. And Russell created far more hostility on the Continent than Palmerston, who bullied in the grand style and then cracked jokes with the Foreign Ambassador, while Johnny lectured. Russell's meridian was 1830, when he piloted the two Reform Bills into harbour. I suspect Mr. Tilby of being a Whig, for he actually defends Lord John's resignation from the Aberdeen Government in 1855 at the moment when Roebuck's vote of censure on the war was coming on! To sit in a Cabinet for three years and be jointly responsible for all its deeds, and then to run away from a vote of censure is an offence against every dictate of honour and prudence. Yet Mr. Tilby says "better late than never." I do not agree. The wonder is that Lord John should ever have been taken into another Government. But Palmerston, like the thoroughbred politician that he was, neither loved nor hated, and he no doubt preferred his old rival, especially when vanquished, to the unquenchable Gladstone. Lord John became Foreign Secretary and in 1861 Old Pam kicked him upstairs with an earl's coronet. As Earl Russell he was Prime Minister for eight months in 1866. Palmerston died in 1865, having just lived long enough to win the Liberals a majority by the magic of his name. With regard to the Reform Act of 1867, it is clear from Mr. Buckle's account, supported as it is by the Queen's letters, that Her Majesty, and no one else, was the instigator of that move, although the gambler Derby was always ready to dish the Whigs. Disraeli was unwilling to rouse sleeping dogs. That was the end of Lord Russell's political life. He lived for twelve more happy years, at Pembroke Lodge, that charming house in Richmond Park, either lent by, or rented from, the Crown, where the present earl, if I mistake not, was born and passed his boyhood, not to his content. I dare say grandpapa was rather trying.

I have made it clear that John Russell combined the worst fault of a Whig, which is arrogance, with the worst fault of a Russell, which is shyness. A proud, shy man can never be liked, except by his family and a few friends. I recommend everybody who is interested in politics or history, or both, to read Mr. Tilby's book, as a model of what political biography should be, and to help him possibly to love, as I cannot, one of the authors of the first great Reform Bill. Gratitude is an easier emotion,

* 'Lord John Russell.' By A. Wyatt Tilby. Cassell. 15s.

and that many will feel for the courage of a pioneer. With the concluding chapter of philosophic reflection on what is called political progress, I am in entire accord. The number of motor cars has more to do with the mentality of to-day than the number of voters, though in what kind of a smash both are going to land the nation God alone knows.

MARIONETTES AND FASCISTI

BY GORDON CRAIG

I

I HAVE seen Lyons to-day, for the first time. The city is laid out so largely, and it is such an inviting town; its gaiety is not a Parisian gaiety. I stood quite a long time wondering at my reception—for I felt received.

The people are so charming, so quick and easy, unhurried and so courteous, that to me there was something queer about it all. The statue of Henri IV itself seemed to bow to me slightly.

Cities are often so like one another, are so without a welcome in the air, that when one comes to such a place as this, one notices how unlike it is to other cities. The feeling comes upon one that it is queer, very queer.

What is it makes these people so full of joy, so childlike? It is a difficult question to answer—it can't be all due to Henri IV's statue—but one curious thing about Lyons is that it is very like one other city further south—Bologna, and the two cities share the same curious passion—a passion for marionettes. Now, while this does not make people young, it keeps them young, and marionettes only dwell among happy people.

In Lyons and Bologna they are not inventions; they are creations. . . and they are also institutions.

When it occurred to me that the creators, with their tender affection for these little wooden-heads, shared their charm, I stopped as many people as I reasonably could do, so as to ask them the way to the bookshops or the restaurant; because I knew I should not get some dull heavy answer, and I looked for that gleam in the eyes which came with the reply that was always courteous and springing.

It is just the same in Bologna; the courtesy of the people there has been and is a delight to me always.

But it is of Lyons I write. In a bookshop I came across six or eight excellent works on the marionettes of Lyons.

For centuries the Lyonese have respected these creatures, and yet it cannot be denied that they are people of solid common sense—they eat and drink in the heartiest manner.

A pack of fools somewhere in the world has sent round the silly report that marionettes are what is called "highbrow"—that no city possessed of good sense could develop a sense of puppetry. These great donkeys should go to Lyons or to Bologna to assure themselves that they are wrong.

II

In the booksellers' shops at Lyons, though I found no distrust of the marionettes (the city is celebrated for its guignols), I found that someone had been teaching the Lyonese to distrust the Italians.

After I had bought some books, I said to the librarian, "Will you please send these for me to Italy?" And as he wrote down my address he asked me if I knew a certain Signor—in Rome. Unfortunately, I did not, and I asked him why. "Well," said he, "this gentleman owes me 600 lire, which is

not good for the reputations"—meaning by that, not good for credit.

"I have two more gentlemen," he went on, "one in Milano and the other in Varese, and of these two gentlemen one owes me the sum of 800 lire and the other 370."

He then showed me the entries in the ledger. "No, no," he sighed, shaking his head, "it is not good for the reputations."

"But," said I, after a moment of silence, "you should write to the Fascisti, to some head of a department in Rome."

At this he returned me a long silence, but I did not feel that he was understanding my words; and the fact is he really did not grasp what it was I was talking about. So I attempted to explain to him that the Fascisti were trying to teach the Italians all sorts of ordinary things lost by them, perforce, during the last sixty or a hundred years of their suffering.

"They have become numb to so many things that we are still sensitive to; they have preserved so many things that we have become dull to. They are being reminded that it is now quite possible for them to pay their bills, and taught how to deal in business with foreigners, and most of the things which they once knew so well, but which, as I say, they forgot."

Now, the good bookseller had been led to suppose that the Fascisti were a set of brigands, and I was happy to be able to enlighten him that they were not so, and to assure him that the head of the department in Rome which looks into these matters would be delighted to hear about these delinquents, and would soon put matters right with regard to the debts. A better feeling would then be established 'twixt Bookseller X of Lyons and Professor Z of Roma, and to purchase and to sell more books would be the duty of both parties.

Thinking over this matter, I came to see what an enormous lot of harm is done to the city of Lyons and to other cities in France and Germany and England by this stupid and false propaganda about the Fascisti and the Italians.

The loss is not to Italy but to the country in which the propaganda has spread.

My bookseller of Lyons for example: he so thoroughly misunderstands the Fascisti that he believed it was due to them that he was not receiving payment of his 1,770 lire! An astoundingly silly thing to believe, for it's untrue and cost him 1,770 lire.

There are, doubtless, thousands of others in England, Germany and France, who are not getting paid what is owing to them, just because of the same misunderstanding.

How can the goodness of the Fascisti be made clearer to everyone? I know of it, for I live in Italy—why, because you live in Lyons or London, should you lose 1,770 lire, because you prefer to believe a lie?

I can only think of one plan, which is that Lyons and Bologna, possessing as each does such charming people, should be delegated to act as interpreters between their two nations, and that they should explain (by the marionettes, if possible) what seems incomprehensible to the rest of Europe—which is, that all is well. No one need worry—debts will be paid: only for heaven's sake—courtesy. I select Lyons and Bologna because they are both so essentially courteous, these two cities which have the wit and wisdom to create and to nourish the marionettes.

A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competition and to post their solutions in good time.



CARDINAL BOURNE

THE THEATRE

"SPARE THE ROD AND . . ."

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Private Lives. By Noel Coward. Phoenix Theatre.
Victoria Vanities: a revue. Victoria Palace.

PRIVATE LIVES, described as an Intimate Comedy by Noel Coward, has all the qualities and defects of a posthumous play, left only partly finished by its author at the time of his death. Indeed, in a sense it probably is posthumous; for I strongly suspect that the original inspiration died soon after Mr. Coward had completed the first act, leaving behind nothing but some rough notes, some disconnected passages of dialogue and the "curtain" of Act Two, and a more detailed, but still unpolished, draft of the final act.

Of course, as every would-be playwright knows, first acts are mere child's play. The trouble is, the more intriguing and ingenious your first act, the harder it is to develop it entertainingly in the second, and resolve it satisfactorily in the third. The short first act of 'Private Lives' affords an admirable example of this danger. It contains an excellent farcical situation. Mr. Chase, divorced by his wife Amanda, has married Sybil; Mrs. Chase has also re-married, and is now Mrs. Victor Prynne. The fact that by no possible stretch of the imagination can one believe that Elyot Chase would marry Sybil, nor Amanda marry Victor—or, for that matter, in either of them marrying anybody at all—matters very little; for this so-called "comedy" is patently a farce from the word Go! Thus, by a wildly extravagant coincidence, the two re-marriages take place on the same day; and by an even wilder one, the two newly married couples choose the same hotel in France for their respective honeymoons, arrive within five minutes of each other, and—to clinch the matter and provide the necessary "situation"—are given adjacent suites, which form the background of the stage, with contiguous balconies, which occupy the foreground.

Mr. Coward has handled all this neatly, swiftly, and as soberly as is consistent with its extravagance,—so well, indeed, that we do not feel disposed to be hypercritical about the rather arbitrary means by which he moves his characters on and off their balconies. And when the (theatrically) inevitable meeting between Mr. Chase and his former wife, now Mrs. Prynne, occurs, their scene of preliminary embarrassment, followed by a politer and more amicable relationship, and ending in complete reconciliation, passionate desire for reunion, and finally elopement, is so admirably conceived, written and acted (by Mr. Coward himself, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence), that it isn't until several minutes after the curtain has descended that the critical mind perceives a certain weakness in the situation.

What one perceives is simply this—that there is no necessity for a second and third act; the play has come to a full stop. This is due to one's perception of the obvious temperamental incompatibility between Mr. Chase and the second Mrs. Chase, and between Mr. Prynne and the second Mrs. Prynne, and equally obvious compatibility of temperament between the pair of reunited lovers who have just eloped. For, quarrel as they may and do, these two are merely personifications of Mr. Noel Coward's dialogue, and therefore (as the saying is) "simply made for one another." And so, with his second act, instead of developing the situation created in his first, Mr. Coward has to start his play all over again.

Well, there are the deserted Mr. Prynne and Mrs. Chase to cause the necessary further complications

in Act Two. Unfortunately, after we have had three-quarters of an hour of preparation (or, to put it bluntly, ten minutes of preparation and half an hour or so of rather obvious "padding") it is too late to do anything more than bring them into the Paris flat where their spouses are now living, and ring down the curtain on a situation that ought to have occurred about thirty minutes earlier. Act Two, in short, is almost everything a second act ought not to be; and though the dialogue has some amusing passages, one is continually conscious that the author is simply filling in the necessary time, and scratching his head for something to fill it in with. "What shall we do now?" he seems to ask. "Suppose I sing some songs here? That'll pass five minutes." Or again: "Everybody—that is, everybody who is anybody—knows that I've just been round the world; I'll tell them—amusingly, of course!—all about it. Then, if we have a quarrel every now and then, and play the gramophone a bit . . ." All very ingenious, but not what we go to the theatre for!

The third act, though untidy and feebler dialogistically, is dramatically more entertaining—though not to be compared with the first. Its most amusing feature is a breakfast scene, in which, while the other three attempt, in embarrassing circumstances, to make polite conversation, Mr. Coward himself sits staring at them in silent mockery, and occasionally feigns the most devastatingly ironical interest in their banal observations.

Had 'Private Lives' been written by an unknown playwright, or, indeed, by anyone less privileged than Mr. Coward, no West End manager would have produced it. It is only fair to add, however, that no author other than Mr. Coward could have written it. For Mr. Coward is not merely privileged; he is also gifted. His work has personality; and his "spoilt child" career, though responsible for his failings, has also encouraged the development of his peculiar gifts. But if he is ever to become a really first-class playwright, the rod must not be spared. It is not the slightest use for the professional critics to try to discipline this unruly character; that is a task which only his more intimate friends can perform. It is they who have encouraged him, by a reckless use of the word "marvellous," to be content with dashing off amusing playlets about bright young people. But we are not so rich in dramatists just now that we can afford to allow this potentially most brilliant playwright to go on wasting his unquestionable talents. It is up to some courageous friend to tell him the brutal truth about this latest "comedy." I confess I do not envy him (or her) the task; for Mr. Coward has a reputation for devastating repartee! . . .

To anyone who wants a show to "drop in at" after dinner, I can recommend the new revue at the Victoria Palace. It is surprisingly well staged, the spectacular scenes being remarkably elaborate and not nearly so crudely conceived as these things usually are. In the 'Siamese Temple' the picture staged is really impressive, and Miss Laurie Devine gives a wonderful impersonation of an idol come to life. This is by far the best thing in the show. In the 'Amorous Turk,' her contortionist dance on the bowl of a hookah is somewhat overshadowed by the Turk himself—a revoltingly realistic figure which fills three-quarters of the stage. Xenia and Aston give several acrobatic dances of a type that has become familiar but is always fascinating for its combination of skill and courage; and there is some brilliant juggling by the Japanese, Hanako. The comedy is very poor, indeed, though Mr. Chick Farr is mildly amusing as a more-than-usually-silly "silly ass"; and an exceptionally large chorus of well-rehearsed "girls" reminds one (as much as English modesty allows) of a Parisian revue.

THE FILMS HOME PRODUCE

BY MARK FORREST

Murder. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The Regal and The Alhambra.

Young Woodley. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The Capitol.

THIS is by way of being a notable week for British films, because no fewer than five are being shown, four of them for the first time, at various cinemas in London. 'Suspense,' a film of Patrick McGill's play of the same name, is at The Metropole; 'Escape,' which I have reviewed already, is at The Marble Arch Pavilion, and the other two, with which I propose to deal now, are 'Murder' and 'Young Woodley.'

Two West End cinemas are showing simultaneously the latest film to be directed by Mr. Hitchcock, and I don't think that their confidence will prove to be misplaced. The film is a screen adaptation of a book entitled 'Enter Sir John,' which was written by Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Helene Simpson, and Mr. Hitchcock has undoubtedly justified the opinion which has been formed of him that he is England's ablest film director.

The story is not a particularly novel one, but since the murder is that of a member of a provincial touring company and the drama revolves around the rest of the cast, there is ample scope for the drawing of sharply defined character. Mr. Hitchcock has taken full advantage of this, and even if the capitulation of Sir John in the jury room is not altogether credible, the treatment which Mr. Hitchcock gives this scene and the rest of the film amply makes up for any defect in the plot. Except that I think the drama would have been better sustained if the murder had been shown instead of described, there is little to find fault with in the direction, which is full of good touches and shows an attention to detail that one finds in the work of only very few directors.

Mr. Hitchcock is given a great deal of help by the admirable cast which has been assembled. It is, I suppose, useless to rail against the casting by type, but certain actors and actresses must get very tired of being continually asked to play the same kind of part. I should, to take one instance, like to be allowed to see Miles Mander sober. Herbert Marshall plays Sir John very well, and both Phyllis Konstam and Norah Baring are excellent, but the two performances in a very long cast, which impressed me, were those of R. E. Jeffrey as the foreman of the jury, and Edward Chapman as the stage manager.

Mr. Bentley's direction of *Young Woodley*, if not so brilliant as Mr. Hitchcock's, is sound; and what he shows of an English public school has a genuine ring about it. The story is not an easy one to make convincing because no one, perhaps, can remember a head master's wife who was attractive enough to make the theme possible; all the same, I knew one not so long ago who was the idol of two-thirds of one of England's biggest public schools.

Frank Lawton repeats his stage performance, as *Young Woodley*, and his acting is one of the best things that the screen has shown us. It is a really fine piece of work. Madeleine Carroll plays the part of the schoolmaster's wife, whose sympathy overflows into love, and though she does not bring to the character all the delicate touches which Kathleen O'Regan managed to introduce, her performance is a good one, and the best thing that I have seen her do. Sam Livesey's schoolmaster and Billy Milton's Vining are two other excellent studies.

These are two good films and it is a pity that the recording of both of them is patchy.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—239

SET BY BERNARD CAUSTON

A. "Before a fool's opinion of himself the Gods are helpless—aye, and envious, too!" (J. Branch Cabell's 'Jurgen'). A First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best corroborative testimony, preferably autobiographical, but not necessarily an authentic, quotation from the lips of one of the world's self-styled Great Men, named or unnamed. No living personage should, however, be allowed to involve the SATURDAY REVIEW in litigious consequences. An outside limit of 250 words must be set, but the entry of one sentence, if sufficiently poignant, would not disqualify a competitor.

B. A contemporary revue features in the Madame Tussaud's of the future a wax effigy of the late Edgar Wallace, who is described as having turned his Master Mind against the forces of society and become the world's most famous criminal. A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best epitaph in verse of not more than twenty-five lines, in English or Latin, on the tomb of this master crook.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 239A or LITERARY 239B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 6. The results will be announced in the issue of October 11.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 237

SET BY QUINCUNX

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an obituary appreciation, of not more than 300 words, by a candid friend who knows that certain choice spirits will be able to read between the lines, of an industrial magnate whose private life was far from model, and whose princely benefactions to his party and his native town during twenty years were at last, though grudgingly, rewarded with the Barony they were ever designed to secure.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for two stanzas from an unwritten canto of Byron's 'Don Juan,' descriptive either of the private view at the Royal Academy, or of the opening night of a 'Ring' cycle at Covent Garden, both in 1930.

REPORT FROM QUINCUNX

237A. Mourners hurried forward in plenty with wreaths for the departed nobleman, but I was disappointed to find so few nettles intertwined with the glowing roses. Competitors, for once, seemed a little too good-natured about my imaginary scoundrel. But

there were several dexterous stabs inflicted. I liked S. Barrington McClean's remark that "it was this ability of dealing readily and rapidly with all sorts of figures that made him what he was—a great man of affairs"; as also J. H. G. Gibbs's comment: "His wife died some years ago—she had endured with him the period of his fiercest strivings." And James Hall's biographical detail showed a pleasing euphemism when he remarked that his Lord Brayvikar was "born at Epsom of naturalized English stock," and "was educated in London and the South of England, where he travelled extensively with his parents." T. E. Olliver and Barbara Fletcher deserve thanks for their tributes; but for the most sustained renderings of the part of candid friend I would commend, as first and second respectively, Doris Elles and Pibwob.

FIRST PRIZE

Lord Booster, who died suddenly from apoplexy in a B.B.C. studio last Sunday, when appealing for funds to assist him in his Universal Temperance Campaign, was distinguished alike for the singleness of his outlook and the zest with which he worked for a common object. "Look to yourself" was his advice to the young man who ever and again sought his counsel. He himself believed implicitly in the object for which he strove. His manners were as plainly unaffected as his business methods were free from convention and hide-bound system. It was his proud boast that no man had signed a prospectus or passed a dividend more often or more ably than he had himself.

It was after the accumulation of his second fortune that he decided to cut adrift from Manchester and confine the benefits of his experience to London and New York, though he afterwards confessed that the many ties which he had by that time formed in the North cost him a great deal to forget. The intensely domestic side of Lord Booster's nature may best be gauged by the fact that before his fiftieth year he had established a link with practically every family in the neighbouring district of his estate.

In addition to the vast amount of personal propaganda work which his wealth enabled him to perform, he gave a great deal of time and thought to the results which might be achieved by the judicious support of charitable organizations. To this end the last few years of his life were largely spent in his native city and if it be true that Lord Booster owed much to Manchester, how much more difficult would it be to-day to estimate how many Manchester homes are the richer for his passing?

DORIS ELLES

SECOND PRIZE

It is as an industrial magnate that the late Lord X. will principally be remembered. He was not a man of many gifts, but if nature in him was chary, he employed the talents he possessed to the best advantage. No one ever denied his extraordinary capacity for subordinating means to the end he had in view and for conducting his business to successful issues in disregard of what the ordinary man regarded as the best policy. "Deeds not words" may be said to have been his motto. He made no distinction between casual undertakings and the most solemn pledges. "Lord X.'s word of honour" became proverbial.

In politics there was never any doubt about the disinterestedness of his actions. At least twice he refused the offer of minor honours, and he accepted a Barony only when satisfied that no other course was open to him. It was a well-deserved recognition of what he had contributed towards the welfare of his party and his native town.

Like all great men he had few friends. He belonged to no club since resigning from the ——— some years ago, to mark his disapproval of the Committee's ruling in a suspected case of cheating at cards. Being himself no mean professor of sleight-of-hand, he was singularly fitted to judge how the truth lay.

Lord X. was a widower. His wife died childless many years ago, after a painful illness bravely borne, and it was generally acknowledged that, for her, death was a happy release. The widower did not allow his bereavement to sour his life, but he never so far forgot what was due to her memory as to remarry, though often urged to do so for the sake of his posterity. A nephew succeeds to the title.

PIBWOB

237B. There is a sort of hit-or-miss, take-it-or-leave-it quality about Byron's wit that is difficult to catch in pastiche or parody, but several competitors did well, fitting rhyme and rancour very neatly; and one or two managed also to catch that particular tone of Byronic scorn which has in it a faint undertone of thwarted affection. The Royal Academy, the more familiar scene of the alternatives, attracted most, and the best, entrants; but T. E. Casson did pretty well with the 'Ring,' throwing a characteristic glance at *Weltpolitik* in the passing. With one exception, he and N. B. were the best of the opera-goers. I picked out five possible leaders from the whole batch, and found it hard to choose among these. D. N. Dalglish opened well, but fell off; L. V. Upwards and W. G. both had vivacity and point, the latter inclining to the more savage Byronic mood; but on the whole I felt that Lester Ralph and Gertrude Pitt led the field—though not by much—and I recommend them for first and second prizes accordingly.

FIRST PRIZE

Few pictures can be viewed, excepting those
Skied dizzily within the Vestibule:
Nor, could you see them, would the serried rows
Of canvas yield much beauty. As a rule
The fairer sightseers more charms disclose,
Fresh-tinted, framed in velvet, silk or tulle,
Than all your paintings. Pardon these digressions;
And for the rest trust "Punch's First Depressions."

For some go there that they may there be seen,
And others just because it is the thing
To go there, or to feel that they have been
Upon the outskirts of that inner ring
That counts in London: you may see between
Their shoulders fragments of a Mayor, a King,
A Plutocrat—Nay! Live Academicians,
Disguised as artists, in the best positions.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

Slaves of 'The Ring'—or merely Fashion—meet,
Their annual bliss or martyrdom to share;
Cars vie with cabbages in Floral Street,
The theatre vast has not a seat to spare.
In vestibule and foyer the élite
Pause to display their gowns, to chat, and stare—
Their only chance to-night, and so they're taking it,
For 'Rheingold's' one long act, without a break in it.

A darkened, pregnant hush. At Walther's sign,
Strange forms appear, fantastic, grim and haughty,
Gods of Walhalla, nixies of the Rhine—
The tale's involved, perhaps a trifle naughty,
But mostly drowned en route with music fine,
And so it ends to clapping double-forte.
Opera's a widely-worshipped god, that's clear—
Yet makes no "profit," which is very queer!

GERTRUDE PITT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

AS YOU WERE

SIR,—I left England six weeks ago on a blazing fine day, the first of the last Test. Returning from the backwoods of Ireland I beg to ask a few questions:

When did the fine weather break?

Is Bradman still in?

Is Baldwin out?

But what I am really troubled about is, Are the Young Age Pensions still increasing?

I am, etc.,

OLD-FASHIONED LADY

SPECIAL RAILWAY COMPARTMENTS

SIR,—I was astonished to read so stupid a couple of Notes in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week as those devoted to railway travelling.

Of course, the writer of them was a man, or he would have known that special compartments for women are still, unfortunately, a necessity. He may not be a Don Juan in his own eyes, but I travelled alone the other night with a man of his sort, and his behaviour was such that I nearly had to pull the communication cord.

I am, etc.,

Willesden

CITY TYPIST

POLITE WARFARE

SIR,—Commander Kenworthy's logic is unassailable; it is admitted that when war breaks out, it should be terminated as soon as possible, and, other things being equal, the more deadly the weapons employed, the sooner will a decision be reached. Cholera germs are undoubtedly far more deadly than "big Berthas," and plague-infected rats could be employed in these days more easily than cavalry, so the conclusion seems to follow that in the next war "every resource of the chemist, and the bacteriologist, will be used to the uttermost." Nevertheless, I venture to think that there is room for hope. It may be not unnaturally asked why, if it is quite permissible to poison the enemy's air, it should be contrary to the laws of war to poison his food and drink, but civilization has long declined to sanction the practical conclusion that appears to follow from these premises. Moreover, Commander Kenworthy himself admits that the "laws of war" are even now to some extent observed, "for fear of offending powerful neutrals," so that it seems reasonable to expect that the fear of the League of Nations will have a still greater influence. Had this been in existence in 1914, and able to speak with the full authority which should belong to it, it is quite possible that neither poison-gas, nor flammenwerfer, nor "sinking without trace," would ever have been introduced.

I am, etc.,

Eastbourne

WALTER CRICK

AFTER THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—I read with great interest your leading article on the German elections. "You state that: 'There is one lesson to be learned . . . the post-war generation is tired of the old parties and everything for which they stand . . . Everywhere there is a rallying to the man or to the organization that will apply post-war remedies to post-war problems . . . Youth will be served.'"

What are the post-war remedies for post-war problems? Can any of your readers tell me? Apparently the post-war remedies which have appealed to the German youth are a cancellation of the Peace Treaties, the repudiation of the Young Plan and a demand that the limits imposed upon the size of the German army and navy should be removed. Will such remedies solve the post-war problems?

What should be the reply of British youth to the remedies proposed by the German youth? What post-war remedies shall we suggest? Is it an acceptance of the German remedies? Or, would British youth intimate to Germany that if she begins to arm the British youth will demand larger armaments? It may indeed be that British youth will say: We stand for the repudiation of the British National Debt; why should we pay the debts of our fathers? Would that solve our post-war problems? In any case, if British youth, repudiating everything for which the old parties stand, will tell us what are the post-war remedies for the post-war problems of Britain and of Germany, I for one would be most grateful.

I am, etc.,

N. D. B.

HOLIDAYS FOR WORKPEOPLE

SIR,—From your recent remarks it seems quite fair that workpeople should have two weeks' holiday per annum on full pay in common with the clerical staff of a business; but this is a difficult proposition for manufacturers who find that their profits grow small and beautifully less. Employers, as a matter of fact, do not give their clerks holidays—they sanction them; the clerical staff go away in turn, and the reduced staff must work harder, and longer, to keep abreast of the daily routine. The workpeople, on the other hand, must maintain the output; and therefore have to be reinforced, so that the employer pays double wages if the holidays are granted on full pay. Relief men in the carting line are sometimes called bodgers.

This concession where profits are small, and where large numbers are employed, means a heavy charge; but where the profits have dwindled to vanishing point, how can it be continued?

Bank Holidays were appointed specially for workpeople, many of whom took pretty well the whole week to get over the shock; and others a day or two extra, content to lose pay. If annual holidays for workpeople become the rule, why not abolish St. Lubbock? When masses of the people join in a general stampede, on pleasure bent, a heavy tax is put upon all engaged in transport, a great rush of business is the rule just before, and stagnation after each national Saturnalia. If, however, we cannot break with custom, then I venture to submit the best place to celebrate St. Lubbock is at home, and, if the weather is kind, in the garden.

I am, etc.,

New Barnet

A. H. ROWLAND

CRISIS IN INDIA

SIR,—Writing in a New York journal, ex-President Coolidge has called attention to the injury, both direct and indirect, already inflicted on American trade by the revolutionary movement in India.

If, as Mr. Coolidge recognizes, the revolt of the Congress Party against the King's Government has already done damage to American interests, the effects on British trade and industry are certain to be infinitely more serious. The Finance Minister in India has recently stated that there has already been a setback to progress which must produce grave and increasing reactions upon the City of London, and to-day there is clear evidence that the boycott of British goods

ordered by the Congress Party is bringing ruin in many directions, both in this country and in India. In fact, the position of many native traders is already so serious that they are now demanding that the Indian Government should take steps to defeat the action of the Congress leaders.

The policy which the Congress Party has adopted, and which, if given political power, it will certainly translate into action, has been plainly announced. A confiscatory Bill, already introduced, deliberately contemplates the denial by law of British participation in the coastal trade. The conditions on which the Congress offers to relieve the mill industry of the present boycott prove that the complete exclusion of British elements in Indian business is to be a cardinal feature under Dominion status. Finally, the insolent claim, repeated in the recent letter of the Congress leaders to the Viceroy, to refer to an outside tribunal such British claims—including the Indian Public Debt—as seem to them unjust, foreshadows the repudiation of British financial interests in India—exceeding £1,000 millions.

We strongly urge that this serious menace to Indian trade and commerce should be faced before it is too late, and that any political changes calculated to encourage the revolutionary movement should be strenuously resisted. In this time of crisis we appeal for wide support, in donations and in membership, to enable us to combat the danger which threatens the vital interests of India, England and the Empire.

Donations and applications for membership should be sent to the Secretary, Sir Mark Hunter, 12 Ashburn Gardens, London, S.W.7, who will be pleased to answer all enquiries.

We are, etc.,

(Signed)

SUMNER,	REGINALD CRADDOCK,
SYDENHAM OF COMBE,	M. F. O'DWYER,
GREENWAY,	G. MACMUNN,
C. W. C. OMAN,	CLAUD W. JACOB

(President and members of the Executive Committee, Indian Empire Society)

IN GENERAL

MODESTLY, of course, I once recognized a kindred spirit in the entertaining Mr. John Buchan: he confessed somewhere that the first thing he always read in his morning newspaper was the Law Reports. "Hear, hear" cried my restless conscience, which for years had been suffering daily twinges in that, come Michaelmas, come Hilary, I always postponed reading of cataclysms in China, tariff walls rising or falling, new cabinets in Uruguay, unemployment, sarcophagi in Egypt, conversations at Churt, until I had learned the precise issue in the quarrel of 'Pulaski v. True Blue Imports, Ltd.' or gauged just how far those terribly blue eyes of Mr. Norman Birkett (let us say) had impugned the credibility of others in 'Jenks v. Jinks and Others.' If I sinned, it was in company with an active and public-spirited citizen.

And again I detected an inward "hear, hear" when I noticed the other day that Mr. Buchan was reported as having said that he "often found it refreshing to turn to the newspapers from much self-conscious rigmarole which professes to be literature." It is. Not, of course, without reserves, for it depends what you chose to call rigmarole, and also what papers: and as a matter of fact it is really much more refreshing to turn to literature from that daily flood of calculated silliness which professes to be newspapers. But one knows what Mr. Buchan means. It is salutary to be confronted by objective facts, well presented, and to escape from the mists and fumes of artificial intellectualizing. If only as examples of the

use of English, one is often tempted, after reading hundreds of pages by Mr. X or Miss Y on the network of psychological threads they contrive to weave round their insignificant creatures, to extol, as Stendhal did the Code, the unemotional, well-pruned truthfulness of the entries of the daily "casualty reports" from Lloyd's:

Angele. Anxiety is felt for the safety of the sailing vessel *Angele*, which left Cardiff August 17 for Pont l'Abbe in charge of the owner and master, Le Corre, and has not since been reported.

Nine. Tulagi, Sept. 18.—British m.v. *Nine* wrecked and totally lost; ship and cargo, at Sealark Reef, Gaudalcanal, September 13. All on board saved and landed here.

—or those short, speedy, spirited reports of foxhunting which will soon be enlivening the autumn newspapers as a windowful of sporting prints enliven a city street. It is, I think, a similar craving for escape from artifice that is at present filling the seats of a West End cinema which has had the courage to offer a programme consisting solely of "news gazette" pictures: the newspaper in a pictured form is making its appeal against the circulating-library novel in its pictured form.

In such a context one's thoughts turn to the familiar opposition of Journalism *v.* Literature. Are they friends or enemies? Does one influence the other? For better, for worse? Is journalism always ephemeral? And literature always enduring? What do people mean when they remark, usually superciliously, that such-and-such a book is "only journalism"? And others, too, when they condemn another as "merely literature"?

It would take many columns to inquire into these little problems—more still to answer them. But I incline to think that very often this habit of setting up journalism and literature as opposing forces is fallacious and misleading, especially in so far as it implies a kind of moral inferiority to such writing as is expressly designed for immediate publication and reading, to which the term "journalism" seems generally applied. Remember, writing of this kind is not necessarily confined to writing for newspapers or reviews: it often appears in all the permanence of the bound book. But it serves a purpose, in circulating information and ideas, and without it there would be too much silence. It circulates a raw material; and literature, in the higher sense, is often a fine distillation of ephemera.

Another question that confronts one is whether the practice of journalism is a danger to the individual writer. But is there an answer to it? It seems to depend almost entirely on the qualities and temperament of the individual. The writer of marked facility, I think, is apt to be spoiled by indulgence in newspaper writings; it is so easy for him to fill a column that he develops all too quickly and imperceptibly (at least to himself) the dread disease of logorrhœa; and when the time comes for him to write the book that is in him he will often find himself incapable of, and even blind to that discipline which good prose, good structure, demand. But the good or harm to the individual depends also on the type of journalism he may be called upon to practise. If Theodore Dreiser as a youth had worked in newspaper offices where some heed was paid to structure and economy in writing, he would still have had the opportunities of observation which enabled him to produce books like 'Sister Carrie' or 'The American Tragedy,' but his literary strength might well have been doubled by rigorous training, as that of a "strong man" may be by a training in boxing technique. On the whole, the aspirant in the literary life would do well to take his turn on the journalistic treadmill: but only if he keeps a constant eye on the state of his muscles—and on the way to step off.

QUINCUNX

NEW NOVELS

Staying with Relations. By Rose Macaulay. Collins. 7s. 6d.

The Pig is Fat. By Lawrance M. Maynard. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Parties. By Carl Van Vechten. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

The Cat of Heaven. By Pierre Loving. Toulmin. 7s. 6d.

MISS MACAULAY is as clever as ever. She can still say things like: "In a tree above them a party of monkeys were chattering to each other with the fantastically ill-bred rudeness of a French social gathering as depicted by Proust," or "Little marcel waves lapped at the *Eugenia's* white sides as she lay at anchor in San Jose harbour." The jungle, and especially a South American jungle, has for many a quite especial attraction. That attraction is increased when, far in its depth, there lies the Villa Maya. Originally a Maya palace, tenth century, later a Dominican Convent, the Cradock family had enriched it with baroque splendours inspired by the more famous European palaces. In this bizarre setting the story unfolds. The characters live though the story is slight, but the real attraction, for one reader at least, is the jungle with all its beauties and terrors so vividly described.

'The Pig is Fat' may be described as a lively and, at the same time, a deadly pamphlet against prohibition. The title, explains Mr. Maynard, is a phrase "used by the drug traffickers when they wanted to pass along the good news that there was plenty of dope on the market." For in America, it seems, the sale of drink and the peddling of drugs are allied trades, with graft as their connecting link. Accordingly, many of the scenes in this book reproduce the atmosphere of the typical crook film, with its speakeasies, bootleggers, gangsters and gunmen. Yet in spite of these ominous ingredients the story of Ben Wagner's downfall seldom strays into melodrama and, even then, the fault is due not so much to the heroin as to the heroine. Ben Wagner is a weak youth who happens to be present when one of his tough friends is murdered. American justice makes it necessary for him to be kept in jail until the trial, when he is to appear as a witness, and the accused, who seems to have the police under his thumb, manages to have the trial indefinitely postponed. The result is that Ben is kept in jail, where he degenerates into a dope-fiend. All this sounds preposterous, but Mr. Maynard writes with such simplicity and restraint that he imparts a tragic quality to Ben's misfortunes. It is a particular triumph of Mr. Maynard's unrelenting lack of emphasis that he makes us feel how inevitable is the process thus outlined in what he calls "the esoteric argot of gangland":

... the time in jail would teach something to Cokey Ben. He'd learn how to tell a right gee from a louse, and how to treat the junkies. . . . Being with racket gees in jail would make a kid loyal to his class. He'd learn that he had to stick to the underworld and never tell the cops anything. He'd learn that the right gees know how to treat a guy, and he'd learn that society was his enemy.

Ben duly learns all these points of ethics, and when he is set free (the trial having meanwhile been abandoned because the accused has been murdered) he is already doomed. He sinks lower and lower, until Louella Warren, who had been the innocent girl-friend of his boyhood, discovers what has happened to him. She is now no longer innocent, being the author and singer of a composition entitled 'I'll Still Be Your Pal If You Need Me,' the tremolo profundities of which she interprets nightly at the Chez Carlo cabaret. Nevertheless, she decides to reclaim Ben. It is here that the story begins to sag and wobble. There is a mild triangular conflict involving Louella, Ben and Carlo

of Chez Carlo. Fortunately, Mr. Maynard has the good sense to avoid the popular solution of the triangle and thus saves the story from going to pieces. Louella does not succeed in reclaiming Ben, who, on the last page, is back in jail, singing as follows:

If I was a millionaire and had lots of coin,
I'd buy a big plantation, I'd raise heroin.

'Parties' is also concerned with the results of bootlegging. Mr. Van Vechten, however, introduces his readers, not to the honest roughnecks who sell the liquor, but to the ghastly set of wasters who drink it. Like so much of Mr. Van Vechten's work, 'Parties' is sophisticated but pretentious, smart but cheap, bright but dull. Here is a random sample of the alcoholic dialogue:

What about who?
You said Rosalie Keith . . . prompted Beauty Butcher.
Oh, yes. . . . You must quit kissing parrots, Beauty.
I never did.
More likely poufs.
I never did.

And so it goes on, page after page. We much prefer Mr. Maynard's "esoteric argot of gangland" to these boozy drivellings. As for the other anachronistic pursuits, Mr. Van Vechten's treatment of them suggests that his standard of taste is modelled on that of a boulevard tout. He describes 'Parties' as "a sentimental romance of the upper world." We hope that this is meant for irony.

'The Cat of Heaven' also comes from America and also deals with degeneration, but there the resemblance to 'Parties' ends. Mr. Loving's novel, the subject of which is the life of Baudelaire, deserves our respect, if no more, for the care which the author has plainly devoted to his task. It is, of course, a product of the romanced biography, now so much in vogue in France, and it is an excellent specimen of its kind. In such books as this the difficulty is to hold a just balance between fiction and truth. The author ought to blend what he has invented with what he has derived from documents, so skilfully that no dividing line can be traced. Mr. Loving has not altogether succeeded in doing this. Here and there, scraps of his raw material have passed unchanged into the body of the narrative, which then reads like a text-book of literary history, e.g.:

When in 1861 a second edition of 'Les Fleurs du Mal' was brought out, augmented by thirty-nine new poems, Charles reached the crest of the fame that was to be accorded him during his lifetime. Younger writers . . . men like Leconte de Lisle, Villiers de Lisle-Adam, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Paul Verlaine, reverently sought him out. . . . The English poets, Swinburne and Rossetti, likewise trumpeted his fame, addressed adulatory letters to him and invited him to come and lecture in London.

And then there is the problem of dialogue. How are the characters to speak? How, in fact, did they speak? Mr. Loving does not seem to have made up his mind definitely on this point, and so he seldom attains a happy medium between the too stilted and the too slangy ("Mystical poppycock," for example, hardly evokes the phraseology of a Frenchman in 1844). The result is that the book produces the effect of being theatrical rather than realistic. We hasten to add that it is very good theatre, especially on the decorative side. The details of the wigs are historically accurate, so to speak, but there is never any doubt that they are wigs. And this surface appeal means that where human beings are concerned, reality is apt to be sacrificed to romantic idealism. It is in terms of this romantic idealism that the character of Baudelaire himself is largely presented, especially in relation to Jeanne Duval. We feel that the story, if told on purely realistic lines, would be a rather different one. It would also be a more than rather difficult one, and we imagine that there are few living novelists who could make a complete success of it.

REVIEWS

THE CONDUCT OF A CHRISTIAN

Christian Ethics and Modern Problems. By Dean Inge. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

THE reason why the Dean of St. Paul's has been called "gloomy" is that he has an alert brain and an original mind, for both are extremely depressing to the mass of his fellow-countrymen. The Englishman, as we all know, is apt to be heavily inaccessible to ideas, to be made uncomfortable by intellectual activity, to regard reasoning and reflection with suspicion, to be at ease in mental fog, to prefer a game of golf to any self-criticism, to be annoyed by anyone who expects him to think for himself. People are depressed by activities which they are unable to share, and the Cavaliers were as gloomy to the Roundheads as the Roundheads were tedious to the Cavaliers. In order to keep itself in countenance, mental haziness has to be complacent; and, since the effect of Dean Inge's writings was to disturb our complacency, we dubbed him a "pessimist" to evade his attacks. Fortunately he could not be suppressed, and "the last considerable work that" he expects to "have time to write" is not only interesting for its sketch of the growth of his own opinions but also for its honest attempt to supply a guide to conduct amid the confused and conflicting tendencies of to-day.

From the time of his ordination, he tells us, he became "convinced that the centre of gravity in theology was moving from authority to religious experience," and this conviction led him to his early studies of Christian Mysticism. A mystic is a person who claims to have had a first-hand experience of Reality, and some of those who have made this claim, being certain of their religious enlightenment, have felt that Christianity, being a religion, needed also a philosophy if it were to provide a complete guide to life. The deepest instinct, which religion satisfies, is not the only instinct or passion of mankind. In alert minds the intellect can be a passion, and, even when this too has found satisfaction, the humdrum problems of conduct remain. To these last Dean Inge has now turned because he justly sees that scepticism of the faith has already passed from disbelief in its revelation to disbelief in the ethics associated with the faith, and that to-day, if the authority of Christ were also rejected in the field of conduct, "what would be left of Christianity would not be worth quarrelling over." Paganism, older than Christianity, was only scotched by the new religion, and to-day, wherever that religion is visibly waning, not only does Paganism show signs of return, but these signs are most obvious in the domain of immoral behaviour. The scheme of this book, therefore, is to inquire what the ethics of the New Testament really were, and (after interesting glances at the extreme asceticism once associated with them and at the theocratic imperialism of the Latin Church which succeeded the empire of Rome) to attempt to apply the teaching of the New Testament to the present day, first in relation to the social problems that beset us, and secondly to such personal problems as suicide or divorce. At last, in a word, the Church of England has found another spokesman; the silence of ineptitude has been broken once again; and, if the Dean of St. Paul's is not burnt alive, either our charity (or our indifference!) is greater than some would have suspected. The stock reply will be that his bias against institutional religion is overdone.

In regard to the New Testament's ethical teaching, the main point of Dean Inge is that Christ was not a legislator but the exponent of an ideal. He did not leave us a code. He set us an example. He rarely told

us what we ought, still less what we ought not, to do. Instead He sets before us a certain type of character, and preferred to teach by example rather than by precept. "Jesus," the Dean reminds us, "was a layman, who preached a layman's religion," who "rebuked acquisitiveness rather than wealth, lust rather than adultery, hatred rather than war or violence"; thus "Christian ethics are a morality of simplification" in which repentance means (to use the old and better word) resipiscence or change to a better frame of mind. All this is extraordinarily true, and explains why all ecclesiastical attempts to convert the poetry of an example into the clauses of a code seem a grotesque degrading of Gospel ethics. Christ used the method of art, replacing the prohibitions of the Decalogue by the affirmations of the Mount of Olives. There were next to no "don't's" in his vocabulary. He cried, with the poets, "be"! If this is true, then most, though not all, of the puzzles presented by His exhortations become clear, for they must, with the sole qualification that they are heroic counsels, be interpreted and acted upon with a freedom the equivalent of themselves. For example, the two versions of the Beatitudes (one of which blesses the poor and the other the poor-in-spirit, and so on throughout), may thus be intended to warn us against either extreme of literalism. This freedom is so greatly dreaded that the human demand to be relieved from the responsibility of freedom has been no less conspicuous than the desire of hidebound men to impose regulations upon the public. The Dean, understanding originality to mean thinking for oneself rather than differing from others, rejoices in this freedom and makes use of it when he examines particular questions of ethics in the latter part of his book.

I purposely propose scarcely to touch on his conclusions upon such hoary questions as women, suicide, or divorce, for the only return that one can make for such a book is to attempt to review it in the spirit in which it has been written. The titbits of conclusion, whether the reader accept or reject them, are not that which he should carry away, but rather the attitude of mind, of which a hint has been given, of the character recommended in the Gospels. The Dean has interesting replies to make upon some of the many criticisms that have been urged against that character. He does not run away from them, but tries honestly to show the misconceptions on which, in his view, they have been based. The main result of his examination is that, though the Christian is called to be heroic, it is yet fully possible for him to practise the ethics of the New Testament in the world to-day, even for a man of business and a prosperous man to do so. If I thought that this belief was based upon any fundamental compromise, any explaining away or watering down, I should be revolted. The feeling, on the contrary, is that Dean Inge has found a clue that has been generally missed, particularly by ecclesiastics and institutionalists, with the sodality-spirit of which Christ Himself was undeniably at war. I am a little surprised at the Dean's unqualified acceptance of St. Paul, who seems to me to have been a character very different from his Master; a man, in fact, dazzled by a Nature that he could not comprehend; yet the book, perhaps, gains from this acceptance, for it makes it impossible for either orthodox or unorthodox to affirm that the Dean is a traitor to his colours. When all is said, he remains a churchman, a loyal dignitary of the Anglican Church. His book is one for which hundreds have been hungry, and if its spirit—its conclusions on practical points are secondary—permeated our pulpits, the cinemas might be less crowded and the churches full. Dean Inge would be sure of his welcome but for one established fact. The only infinite capacity of mortal man is for ingratitude.

OSBERT BURDETT

SOME AMERICAN REFLECTIONS

L'Amérique et l'Europe. Par Orestes Ferrara.
"Les Œuvres Représentatives." 12 frs.

THE author of this book is the Ambassador of Cuba at Washington, and also that republic's delegate to the League of Nations, so his views are well worthy of attention. He writes, too, in a judicial vein, and although he has a case to present, he never irritates the reader either by trailing his coat or by becoming irrelevant. This attitude is the more commendable in that the author's thesis will be unfamiliar to most Europeans, and, almost certainly, unpopular with a great many Latin Americans.

Señor Ferrara is the protagonist of Pan-Americanism as opposed to Ibero-Americanism, and he bases his belief in the former upon his conviction that the political philosophy of Europe and America is fundamentally different. The former, he contends, cannot conceive of a world in which force is not the ultimate argument in international affairs, and hence demands security before proceeding to disarmament; while America, both Latin and Anglo-Saxon, thinks in terms of peace, and so is not concerned with the question of sanctions. From this point of view the author discusses the Pan-American movement from the days of Bolívar down to the recent conference at Havana, and he is careful to note the attitude adopted by the European Powers, among the opinions quoted being that of the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, which sounded a very definite note of alarm in January, 1882. The historian will find this part of the book extremely valuable, for it contains an account of the work of the conferences that is not easily to be found elsewhere.

There is doubtless a great deal more to be said for these arguments than is usually supposed, but those who advance them forget much of the history of the last hundred years. The war between the United States and Mexico in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the Paraguayan and Pacific wars, all represent hostilities on, comparatively speaking, just as large a scale as those which took place in Europe during the same period, while the American Civil War can only be paralleled by the Thirty Years' War two centuries before. Señor Ferrara admits that the need for expansion has not yet been felt by the Latin-American nations, and in these circumstances it is not difficult to understand why the rectification of a frontier should be effected with the minimum of trouble; but he would be a bold prophet who would say that the same state of affairs will be in existence fifty years hence, when the Latin-American states are as fully developed as those of Europe to-day.

Señor Ferrara is on firmer ground in the chapters which he devotes to the foreign policy of the United States, though the fact that Cuba owes her independence to that Power makes the author more friendly towards Washington than might have been the case had he been a citizen of Nicaragua, Santo Domingo or Haiti. On the other hand, he is undoubtedly right in his contention that a great deal of nonsense has been talked about Yankee financial imperialism. The Latin-American countries will require foreign capital for development purposes for many years to come, and they naturally take it where it is most readily to be found in this post-war era, namely, the United States, just as the latter used to borrow it for the same purpose from Great Britain during the middle years of last century. The figures which the author quotes of the capital invested in Latin America by the United States and by certain European Powers are at once valuable and interesting.

In the matter of the Monroe Doctrine and its application, Señor Ferrara takes the view that is not now usually held by Latin Americans. He believes that the United States has always been the guardian of her

neighbours against European aggression, and as a Cuban he could hardly be expected to hold any other opinion. For the rest, he has written a book which is worthy of the most careful study, even if his conclusions will not always meet with general acceptance either in the Old World or in the New.

WAGNER AND THE POLICE

Wagner in Exile. By Woldemar Lippert.
Translated by Paul England. Harrap.
10s. 6d.

INTEREST in Wagner the man, as distinct from Wagner the musician, seems definitely to be growing. It is perhaps not difficult to account for, since most romantic musicians show traces of the peculiarities of behaviour and temperament that achieved their zenith in Berlioz and Wagner. These men were perhaps as interested in themselves and their reactions to life as they were in their music, and the world has followed their lead and has tried and still tries to get down to the rock-bottom strata of their temperaments. Obscure passages in their lives are eagerly delved into and the results proudly published, to be lapped up eagerly by the crowd.

This volume is the result of such research. Until now Wagner's life as a political refugee has been something of a closed book and Dr. Woldemar Lippert has performed a real service to those who like such things in sifting new evidence and publishing the result. It cannot be said that Wagner, the man, comes out particularly well in this examination of some of his most important creative years. A note of querulousness prevails, alternating with an exaggerated don't-care-a-damn attitude. From one point of view he had little to complain about. He was known to be the intimate friend of many of the leaders of the insurrection of 1848 and the Saxon Ministry of Justice had in its possession incriminating documents, including some of his own letters. He was a sentimentalist and, caught upon the crest of the wave of democratic idealism, he allowed his feelings to run away with him and committed himself right and left. He could have re-entered Germany and even Saxony earlier than he did had he submitted himself to the trial that he had escaped by flight. Instead he preferred to shelter behind doctors' certificates to the effect that he could not stand the strain of a trial. The King cannot be blamed that he refused to show particular leniency to Wagner, which would have been unfair to all the other fugitives.

On the other hand we cannot help but be touched by Wagner's own suspicion that his exclusion from Germany was something more than mere political expediency. In many of the secret police reports which were circulated throughout the Confederation we can detect the triumph of prejudice over an exponent of a living art. Take this gem, for example, a "confidential communication" circulated by the Vienna police as late as 1854:

In Zürich not only does he [Wagner] make nothing by his operas, he even spends money in order to stimulate public interest. There are strong reasons, therefore, for supposing that he is secretly subsidized by one of the princely houses of Germany; this is all the more amazing since it is known that not only did he set fire to the wardrobe of the theatre at the time of the Dresden revolution, but is still trying to bring about a revolutionary movement by means of his art. . . . Belief in his "music of the future" is notably on the wane, as it becomes more and more evident that his works, in spite of their brilliant orchestration, possess neither soul nor melody—what melodies are to be found in them he has stolen from others.

It is needless to say that there is not a word of truth in this so-called report, but it is an excellent illustration of the doctrine that if sufficient mud be thrown some

of it is bound to stick. The bit that stuck to Wagner with such persistence that he had, years after his amnesty, to seek an official denial is the part I have italicized. This is the temper against which Wagner and his friends had to battle. It is not surprising that he should be bitter, that he should write, with his capacity for over-statement, "... dear Saxony, good, kind Leipzig and dear, noble Dresden, where I was treated like a mangy cat. . . . Ah, how gratifying to have the love and sympathy of one's own dear fatherland!" At last the Saxon authorities gave way and allowed themselves to be persuaded that Dresden would not be blown up the night after Wagner's entrance into Germany. It is almost incredible that it took them fourteen years to come to this conclusion.

It is as a study of the reactionary policy that dominated European policy after the scare of 1848 that the book is chiefly interesting. Dr. Lippert has faithfully recorded the facts of this part of the composer's life, but he does not seek to help us understand the artistic development during those years that saw the birth of 'The Ring,' 'Tristan' and 'Meistersingers.'

JOHN FILMER

ANCIENT FIELD SPORTS

Sport in Classic Times. By Dr. A. J. Butler. Benn. 16s.

"THE references to field sports in classical writers from Homer to the later Byzantines" is just the sort of subject which a German scholar might select for a doctoral thesis; and the result would be a work utterly different from the book which Dr. Butler has written. For Dr. Butler is not a pundit seeking a field for the display of learned industry, but a sportsman who reads Greek and Latin, especially Greek, and who enjoys shaking hands with friends across the ages. For all its scholarship—and it is a work of real scholarship—this book is eminently readable, and not the least attractive thing about it is the way in which it brings out the continuity of European life.

Of course, the ancient world is not our world. The invention of gunpowder has transformed the whole nature of fowling, and hunting has been affected almost as profoundly by the fact that the Englishman hunts the fox and not the hare. All the same a hunt is still a hunt, and Dr. Butler helps us to spend a happy day with Xenophon and his harriers, and can even use the Duke of Beaufort's book on hunting as a commentary upon him. The chapters on hare-hunting are of particular interest, because Dr. Butler is able to draw on two really good authorities, with about 500 years between them. In all Greek literature there is not a better figure of a country gentleman than Xenophon. His fame as a soldier and as a friend of Socrates has led to the preservation of his minor writings, and his essay on hunting was read in Hadrian's time, by an official of the Roman Empire; Arrian, himself also a soldier and an historian, whose commentary upon it and upon the differences it reveals with hare-hunting as practised in his own day, has likewise come down to us. The main difference lay in the breed of dogs. The Greek hound was too slow to chase the hare, and was used to drive the animal into nets. But the Romans brought into use swift hounds from Northern Europe. One of the most sporting breeds, the Agassaeon, came from Britain. Unfortunately, the evidence about his points is contradictory, and even Dr. Butler, who clears up more than one well-known crux in the course of his argument, is baffled.

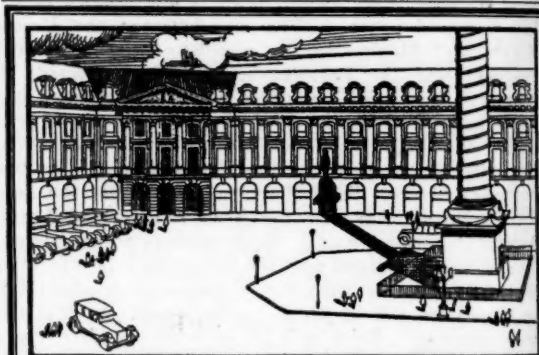
From hare-hunting we pass to big game. This was a sport of Roman times, and as the object was to obtain animals for the arena, the huntsman's business was to trap, not to kill. In this section

Dr. Butler has to rely largely on Oppian, a dilettante Asiatic poet of late but rather uncertain date, who found big game hunters' tall stories very suitable for his verse. The tale about catching leopards by making them drunk is peculiarly edifying. We return to realities with the chapters on fishing. Here Dr. Butler is upon ground recently covered by Mr. Radcliffe, but is able to cite some previously unnoticed passages about fly fishing, and to prove that the ancients were acquainted with the rudiments of modern technique. These chapters are written with a special enthusiasm which makes them delightful reading. A chapter on fowling is rightly added, for the book would not be complete without it. But here the ancient and the modern sportsman differ. We regard liming and snaring as unsportsmanlike; it may be that the classical sportsman would have condemned the use of the gun. We can only hope that Dr. Butler will follow up this book with another upon ancient athletics, a subject in which the dry-as-dusts have had their way too long. One little criticism we venture to offer. Dr. Butler's emphatic preference for Greek sportsmen over Roman may be questioned. The Roman had at any rate a precise eye for nature, which the Greek lacked.

FREUD NO FREUDIAN

Sigmund Freud: Civilization and its Discontents. Translated by Joan Riviere. Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

THIS is a small volume and, even so, it is wordy. The fault is not the translator's. It is nevertheless clearly the authentic handiwork of a master, not so much by what it says as by the importance of the trains of thought which it suggests. Although in one or two footnotes the old Freudian recklessness flares up



MONEY IN PARIS

Almost under the shadow of the Colonne Vendôme, and hard by the Opéra and the Rue de Rivoli, is the Paris office of the Westminster Foreign Bank. Whether on pleasure or business bent, English-speaking visitors are often thankful for some such centre to which they can turn for guidance and information upon exchange and banking matters. That English ways are understood here is assured by the presence of a resident English Director, Manager, and Sub-Manager, and travellers are invited to avail themselves of the help that is readily given

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fantastically, this book marks a revolution in Dr. Freud's thought which is of singular interest to those of us who have based our psychology on Adler's doctrine of self-assertion and of the instinctive pursuit of power. Freud here abandons his doctrine which insisted that *libido* was the generative source of all other impulses, and now admits two concurrent primitive forces, the "destruction instinct" and the *libido*—Death and Eros. Hence aggression and tendencies to cruelty and sadism are found to be primitive in the human nature and ineradicable. The problem of civilization is how to hold them in check. It is Hobbes's problem: How to build a society although the proverb be true that man is to man a wolf. Dr. Freud's answer is that men learned to turn their own aggressive instinct against themselves. Civilization has given us a subjective counterpart of authority in the conscience, and the aggressive, the cruel, the ascetic impulses have given the "inbite," the remorse, of conscience power against our egotism.

The line of criticism which this extremely suggestive book is likely to evoke will probably be that of objection to Freud's mystic entities, his Eros and his Destructive Force, for which, as operative in human nature, no sufficient cause is vouchsafed. In the preconditions of the survival of the race an explanation may be found for the power of the generative force which extends its influence beyond the union of two persons to the community and the begetting of communal affection ("Love thy neighbour as thyself") as a check upon forces disintegrating civilization and race security. But why has an instinct of destruction evolved: why has the Devil his rights? Freud neither suggests an origin, with Pavlov, in the "liberty reflex," the urge for freedom of action of the limbs, of the person, the urge to acquire power against all obstacles, the urge to show power and dominate, nor has he any protective remedy to offer society save an ingrowing conscience. Freud is willing enough to play with the thought that the over-development of conscience spells a neurotic culture. But he does not suggest that similarly the aggressive instinct can be satisfied and society protected by an objective onslaught on what restrains our freedom, a concerted attempt at the mastery of nature and at the intelligent elimination of stupid obstacles to human happiness by the better planning of social organization. We must wait for another pamphlet from Dr. Freud on the mastery of civilization.

E. G. CATLIN

THE GREATEST AFRICAN

A Monument to Saint Augustine. Essays on some aspects of his thought written in commemoration of his fifteenth centenary. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Maurice Blondel, Christopher Dawson, Etienne Gilson, Jacques Maritain, C. C. Martindale, S.J., Erich Przywara, S.J., John-Baptist Reeves, O.P., B. Roland-Gosselin, E. I. Watkin. Sheed and Ward. 12s. 6d.

THOUGH inevitable that St. Augustine in this, his fifteenth centenary, should have a "monument" offered not alone to his memory, but also to his vitality, yet it was far from inevitable that it should be a work of such distinction. The too human tendency to merely belaud, or parade, has been studiously avoided or, to state it more fairly, seems to have been quite absent from the minds of the contributors. They are a distinguished band, several with an international reputation. A certain inequality is inevitable in any work of this sort, but far the greater part is a serious contribution to historical, philosophic and theological thought. An outstanding essay is Mr. Christopher Dawson's 'St. Augustine and his Age.' It is a penetrating and much

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needed, though all too brief, reconstruction of the period. Much needed because in his own words: "Unfortunately, although there is no lack of historical evidence, the real importance of this period is seldom appreciated. Ever since the Renaissance the teaching of ancient history has been treated as part of the study of the classics and consequently come to an end with the age of the Antonines, while the teaching of modern history is equally bound up with the nationalist idea and begins with the rise of the existing European peoples. Consequently there is a gap of some five hundred years from the third to the seventh century in the knowledge of the ordinary educated person. . . . To neglect or despise the religious achievement of the age is as fatal to any true understanding of it as a complete disregard of the economic factor would be in the case of nineteenth-century Europe. . . . It marks the failure of the greatest experiment in secular civilization that the world had ever seen, and the return of society to spiritual principles." The picture of the dole, "between £2 and £3 ros. per head," gives a curious actuality to a period that has striking resemblances to our own. Of Constantine's alliance with the Christian Church he says: "It was an act of extraordinary courage, and it is not altogether surprising that many historians, from the time of Gibbon to Ferdinand Lot in our day, should regard it as an act of madness which endangered the stability of the Empire by sacrificing the interests of the most loyal and influential part of the citizens in order to conciliate an unpatriotic minority. Yet it is possible that Constantine, even as a statesman, was more farsighted than his critics. The Church was the one living creative force in the social and spiritual life of the age. It brought to society just those elements of freedom, private initiative and co-operative action of which the Empire itself stood most in need." St. Augustine's life came at a period of ruin and disaster. The 'City of God' was a fruit of the times. "The one great work of Christian antiquity which professedly deals with the relation of the state and of human society in general to Christian principles; and consequently it has had an incalculable influence on the development of European thought." The temptation has been to dwell on this first and most important essay. It puts the rest into proper perspective and gives the necessary human interest to what might otherwise, to some, appear too abstract and metaphysical.

Of other remarkable contributions we would especially mention 'St. Augustine and Humanism,' and to anyone interested in theology, 'St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas,' by M. Maritain, "the most conspicuous figure and probably the most powerful force in contemporary French Philosophy," to borrow the words of Mr. T. S. Elliot. The concluding essay by Monsieur Blondel, 'The Latent Resources in St. Augustine's Thought,' is a most interesting complement to the latter. To-day, when the search for God is as keen as it has ever been and the difficulties in the way of that search not less, it has an especial importance. "There is no more treacherous illusion than the arrogant belief that we bear within ourselves a principle of enlightenment and explanation, or that the very idea which we conceive of God, so far as it is our own, can be other than an idol. Cum de Te cogitabam, non Tu eras, sed vanum phantasma. Et error meus erat Deus meus."

FRANCIS HEATHCOTE

WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

Secret War: Espionage and Counter-Espionage.

By Thomas M. Johnson. Jarrolds. 10s. 6d.

IT is in the nature of things that your spy story is always suspect; for it is the penalty of being a Secret Service, that no one places absolute reliance on its revelations, which can rarely be without reserve,

and may always be made with ulterior motive. Allowing, however, for our natural reluctance to believe what we are told by such accomplished sophisticators as Secret Service people are compelled to be, Mr. Johnson's story of the American Intelligence Service in the war is told so modestly, naturally and circumstantially, that one feels much of it may be true. The story is at second-hand, for Mr. Johnson, although he was an accredited correspondent with the A.E.F., and later at the Peace Conference, was not actually engaged in the work he describes so graphically and so cautiously. It is this caution which encourages belief; for any pretence of telling the whole truth in such a case must make all that is told suspect. Then again, unlike some other American writers on the war, Mr. Johnson makes no claim for the American Secret Service save that in co-operation with the Allies and building on the foundations of Allied espionage, it rendered good service, none the less valuable that its chiefs were able to draw upon a large polyglot population of European origin.

The story with which the book opens is a thriller, and is not a fair specimen of the book as a whole. It contains at least one subsidiary story that without unimpeachable evidence, which is not provided, is quite unbelievable. It is told by a brother of the victim as an excuse for turning traitor, and is to the effect that the Kaiser, in fear of assassination, had gone to a hunting lodge with a few trusted officers, two of whom took turns in sleeping and standing on guard outside the Emperor's bedroom. One morning, at dawn, the officer on guard relaxed, lighted a cigarette and unbuttoned his tunic. The Emperor came out unexpectedly, the officer thrust his hand toward his tunic to button it, and the Emperor, mistaking the gesture for an attempt to draw a weapon, shot him dead. It is one of the world's oldest stories and, no

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doubt, was true once; perhaps twice. But of William II, we think not. The spy story proper deals with a clever dual personality, maintained for a long time by a master spy. This also is a well-established tale and may or may not be true in the present instance. But, as Mr. Justice Starleigh very pertinently remarked, what the soldier said is not evidence, and what the Secret Service men told Mr. Johnson is in no better case.

It is when we turn to the soberer side of the narrative that the book assumes such historical importance as it possesses. The chapters on the structure of Secret Services in general and of the American in particular, are well and convincingly written; here and there, of course, there is a lurid story in illustration; and, no doubt, every Intelligence Department knew of such stories and had sanctioned or suffered the accidents that make them lurid. Mr. Johnson is particularly interesting in his account of how espionage was continued after the war in Germany. He asserts that it was due to secret reports submitted to the Allies that the French were so insistent that a careful watch should be kept on any warlike preparations of the German Republic. It may be so; but simply horse-sense alone would surely have told the Allies that a great military power does not disarm to a greater extent than it is compelled to do by supervision and superior force. Mr. Johnson is both entertaining and perspicacious when he writes of women spies, of whom, with certain reservations, he does not think highly. Of the beautiful and unhappy Mata Hari he says that her "spying was little better than her morals, which were awful."

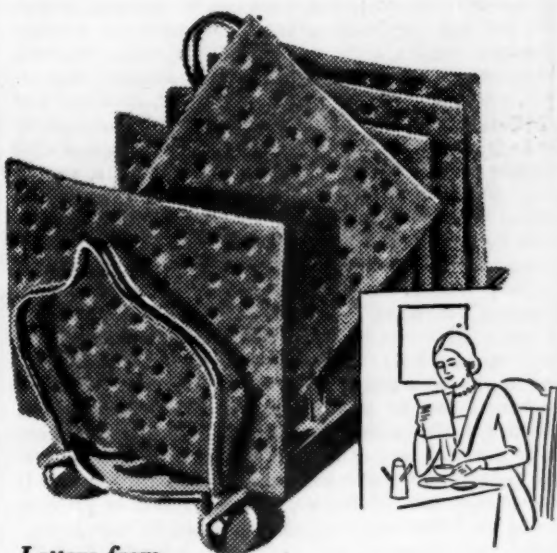
The book, as a whole, is quite good reading and, while giving students of war methods a fair general insight into the principles of espionage, should be invaluable to writers of magazine stories. It should be added that if we take the more exciting incidents with a grain of salt, that is not to impugn Mr. Johnson's personal veracity. We believe he believes every story he has told. If our credulity is less robust, that is no fault of his.

JEWRY THROUGH THE AGES

A History of the Jews. By Abram Leon Sachar. Knopf. 21s.

OF the liberality of Dr. Sachar's thought and the soundness of his scholarship there cannot be two opinions; indeed, the only part of his learned and arresting story of Jewry through the Ages that one would be inclined to call in question is his somewhat summary treatment of the probable historicity of the two main legends of Israel: the wanderings of the patriarchs and the sojourning in and exodus from Egypt. A little while ago this mild scepticism would have been accounted to him, at any rate by historians, as entirely reasonable. To-day, when we are beginning to understand how much true history lies embalmed in the amber of a people's folk-lore, such an attitude seems a little old-fashioned. We know, of course, that the Jews, even at the dawn of their history as a nation, were a mixed people, and that recent scholarship is disinclined to give them even a predominant Semitic ancestry—whatever the word "Semitic" apart from its linguistic sense may really mean. Yet would it be so surprising if archaeological evidence should give us the name of Abraham as that of some Bedouin Prince contemporary with Hammurabi or perhaps of his Kassite successors?

It is unlikely of course that such a record will be found; nevertheless, as Mr. Woolley has pointed out, the route taken by Abraham from Ur to Egypt is one that might reasonably have been taken; and that in the story of



Letters from
Mary Goodbody

Advice to Janet

My dear Janet,

What a tale of woe! Indigestion and the "middle-aged spread"! Well, I can't resist such an appeal, so I'm going to give you a piece of advice for which you'll always thank me.

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Jacob we have unquestionable glimpses of a long forgotten past. Even if Abraham and his son and grandson are but mythical persons invented to explain unknown origins they would still be well invented. When we turn to the Exodus it is another matter. This, one would say, is history, however, confused and confusing. One imagines that at least two stories have been telescoped. The Joseph legend suggests a possible sojourn in Egypt under the Hyksos Kings or later; and as Rameses II reports his scattering of the seed of Israel, it would seem that the captivity which made Egypt a byword to the Jew was an actual enslavement under a Pharaoh who notoriously was a great user of slave labour. That his successors Merneptah or Rameses III should have been glad to get rid of turbulent aliens, at the time of the great migrations—very real plagues of Egypt—is more than conceivable. One might even imagine Rameses III having defeated the hordes that swept through Syria and Palestine and settled the Philistines on the sea coast, encouraging the returned "seed of Israel" to settle in the hills and be a perpetual menace to the warriors of Philistia. It is all conjecture, of course, but as Homer is proving almost an historian, one is not inclined to rate Jewish legend too cheaply.

Dr. Sachar's review of the Kingdoms of Israel-Judah is full of interest and is at its best when he is dealing with Ahab, whom he praises for his statecraft and his tolerance. Dr. Sachar is far from pitiless in his references to Jezebel, but he explains very clearly why the great Sidonian princess failed to convert the people among whom her lot was cast. If the Jews were the world's first Puritans, they can at least point to very patent facts as their justification. It must not be supposed that Dr. Sachar is concerned mainly with the ancient history of the Jews; on the contrary, the bulk of his book is devoted to their later history first as a dispersed and then as a persecuted people; and he must be an anti-Semite indeed who is not moved to pity by their sufferings or to admiration by their steadfastness and courage. But the Gentile world ancient and modern had this one excuse—it is a *tu quoque* and so to some extent condemned—that it was the Jew who first introduced religious intolerance into the world. Men warred with, enslaved and tortured each other in the ancient days. But in peace they respected each other's gods; and if in war they despoiled sanctuaries and carried away images, it was not in contempt but in the assurance that to deprive a people of their deities was to strike at the root of their power. Not the least valuable part of the book for non-Jewish readers is that which deals with the growth of Rabbinical lore, and with the mysticism, philosophy and superstition with which medieval Jewry was exalted or debased. The book is well supplied with maps.

FRANK A. CLEMENT

MODERN LONDON

London Promenade. By W. Gaunt. Studio. 25s.

JUST as there are certain sounds beyond the register of the ear, so there are drawings that go outside the limit of the intelligence. The clever folk who think that they can improve on nature are always trying to show us something that is only wonderful because it has no meaning. It would not be fair to say that Mr. Gaunt's 'London Promenade' is in this category, but I am uncertain whether this artist has wilfully tried to forget how to draw the human figure or whether he has ever learnt to do so. If Mr. Gaunt's characters are Londoners, I confess never to have seen such people. Allowing for the fact that the artist is concerned with several cosmopolitan quarters of the city, he does not convince us that his

caricature is founded, like all good caricature must be, on physiological truth and acute observation. When he shows us 'Derby Day,' a typically happy English function, we are in the presence of something that has never happened on the Downs and never will. In 'Art in Season' we are again confronted with a group of people who exist only in the imagination of Mr. Gaunt. Sometimes Mr. Gaunt is not looking at London with the eyes of an Englishman, but through the eyes of modern French and German caricaturists.

Yet there are many excellent things in the book. In the chapter called 'The River,' Mr. Gaunt excels by an admirable sketch of 'Lambeth Bridge' and a really fine drawing of a barge with Doulton's works in the background. 'The Facades of Leicester Square,' too, show Mr. Gaunt's talent as architectural draughtsman, and the line drawing on page eight exhibits great facility with the pen. The letterpress, which is also by the artist, is informative and amusing.

ADRIAN BURY

NORTHUMBRIAN ART

The Arts in Early England. (Vol. VI., Pt. 1.) By G. Baldwin Brown. Murray. 15s.

IN this new part of the most important study of the artistic remains of our country that has ever been made, Professor Brown completes the study of the monuments of the great period of Northumbrian Art. These are three: the St. Cuthbert remains, the Franks casket, and the Hackness Cross, with an appendix on the Tassilo Cup in Austria. The St. Cuthbert remains include the Gospel of St. John found in his coffin in 1104, lately to be seen at the Victoria and Albert

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Museum, and a portable altar found in 1827. Professor Brown agrees that the Gospel may not have belonged to St. Cuthbert, but rather seems to suggest that it may have belonged to Bede. The altar consists of an oaken slab with a later silver facing. Portable altars of wood were common enough—we have seen one used by special Papal indulgent in the course of last century. The attempt at a reconstruction of the inscription is the best yet made—no certainty is possible. In his account of the Franks Casket, now in the British Museum, Professor Brown has had the advantage of Napier's reading of the inscriptions; its history can only be traced for a century or so, but it is undoubtedly of early date, and its workmanship is full of artistic feeling. The Hackness Cross is preserved in a church near Scarborough, which was founded as a cell by St. Hilda. It has inscriptions in Latin, in runes, twig runes, and an Ogham cipher which no one can read, in addition to figure carving and foliage ornament. What can be done with these inscriptions has been done well, but the twig runes may be read in a thousand different ways, and the key to the pseud-Oghams is irretrievably lost. The Tassilo Cup, probably made in Salzburg, has been attributed to Anglo-Saxon art. Its animal ornament is "migration period," its geometric decoration is Carolingian, but its real affinities seem to be Scandinavian. Enough has been said to show the importance of this study, and its value, in connexion with the discussion in the previous volume, as a textbook for the study of early English art.

SHORTER NOTICES

The America's Cup. By Nigel Lindsay. Heath Cranton. 6s.

IN view of Sir Thomas Lipton's renewed effort to bring the long lost "America's Cup" home again a full, concise and technically authoritative story of the original capture of the cup—an ordinary Royal Yacht Squadron's trophy—and of the attempts which have been made upon it since it was created an international trophy is very welcome. It was in 1851, the year of the great Exhibition, that *The America*, having crossed the Atlantic, the first yacht to do so, arrived in English waters, where she created so much surprise that Lord Anglesey flatly declared: "If she's right, then we're all wrong." She was right, and although it happened that she won the now famous cup by courtesy—she sailed inside instead of outside the Nab—there can be little question that the best boat won. Six years later the surviving members of the syndicate that held the cup made it an international trophy. The deed which set out the conditions has been varied from time to time, and generally in favour of the defender, with the result, as Mr. Lindsay points out, that the contest from a yachting point of view is not of great value, and has tended in latter years to the production of an extreme and worthless type of racing machine.

The Meaning of Sacrifice. By R. Money-Kyrle. Hogarth Press.

THIS book—product of heavy labour—owes much to Freud. It is a thesis approved for the London Ph.D., and deals with the origin and legacy of the Œdipus Complex, and we are told that the main thesis in that part of the legacy consists in a variety of sacrificial rites. No doubt the digging-up of the past can serve a useful purpose; a better understanding of much that is buried and obscure will help the race to face its complexes and resolve them. For the specialist this book has merit and information.

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 444

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October 2)

HAUNTS OF HYAENAS, TIGERS, LIONS, BEARS,
AND SAVAGE MEN OF WHOM WE ARE THE HEIRS.
TORQUAY AND BRIXHAM—ALL THE SHIRE OF DEVON—
SWEAR THERE ARE NO SUCH GROTTOS THIS SIDE HEAVEN.

1. Britannia needs none, so the song affirms.
2. I know his diet! Worms, sir, worms, worms, worms.
3. Implies, so some assert, an export trade.
4. Behead it; theirs all headless men have made.
5. The samphire-gatherer's calling this we call.
6. Stout Cortez 'twas first gave my pride a fall.
7. Great Indian epic, known by name to all.
8. Curtail a bay—or, shall we say?—a fellow.
9. Small finch, tamed easily, black, green, and yellow.
10. If licensed, he will sell you ale or stout.
11. Follows the fateful phrase, "It must come out!"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 442

ONE SUBSTANCE THIS, BUT IN TWO DIFFERENT STAGES;
THE LAST OUR SPECIAL INTEREST ENGAGES,
WHEN, BOTTLED, STOPPERED, FURNISHED WITH A LABEL,
IT FINDS ITS PLACE UPON THE DINNER-TABLE.

1. From metal malleable men me make.
2. What he can screw from tenants, that he'll take.
3. Such is Light One: you noticed it, of course.
4. In Asia some prefer me to a horse.
5. Curtail what frequently involves a fee.
6. Stings like a nettle floating in the sea.
7. Behead a flounce once worn on lady's gown.
8. Heart of what's paid in country and in town.
9. Encased in bony armour, thick or thin.
10. Canvass it well, and it may put you in.

Solution of Acrostic No. 442

G	old-lea	F
R	ack-rente	R
A	lliterativ	E
P	alanqui	N
E	ntran	Ce
J	elly-fis	H
fU	rbelo	W
vI	s	It
C	rustacea	N
E	lectorat	E

ACROSTIC No. 442.—The winner is "Clam," Mr. Anthony Gilbert, 6 Henrietta Street, W.C.2, who has selected as his prize 'Henry James: Letters to A. C. Benson and Auguste Monod,' published by Mathews and Marrot and reviewed by Osbert Burdett on September 13 under the title: 'The Gentle Art of Henry James.' One other competitor named this book, sixteen chose 'Australia,' fifteen 'Sudan Sand,' thirteen 'Sketches in Nineteenth-Century Biography,' twelve 'The Leacock Book,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Arrow, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Carlton, J. Chambers, Dhualt, Ursula D'Ot, Sir Reginald Egerton, Fossil, Iago, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, E. Barrett, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, J. R. Cripps, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, T. Hartland, Jeff, Mrs. Lole, Martha, Met, Lady Mottram, Peter, Rand, Raven, Shorwell, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Bolo, Boris, Chip, Maud Crowther, Gay, Lilian, M. Milne, Nemo, Nony, Margaret Owen, F. M. Petty. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 28 solvers; Light 2, 21; Light 5, 11; Light 8, 10; Light 1, 7; Light 9, 5; Light 4, 1.

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THE CITY

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At the time of its flotation, the terms of the German Reparations Loan were criticized in these notes, in view of the fact that investors in this country were invited to subscribe to a $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. German Loan at 90 at a time when it was possible to purchase German Government Guaranteed Internal Loans on a gold basis to yield 8 per cent. The fact that this loan has recently been purchasable at a price $12\frac{1}{2}$ points lower than the issue price confirms the unattractiveness of the original offer. Admittedly, this setback in price has been caused very largely by the result of the German Elections, which, it may be claimed, were most unexpected. At the same time, the economic position of Germany is such that a decided element of risk must be entailed in holding its bonds, a risk which, it is suggested, existed at the time of the issue and was not adequately compensated for by the yield shown at the issue price. At the present price, however, the position is changed and the issue appears worthy of attention. During recent years there has been an undoubted tendency to issue foreign loans on the London market on terms far more advantageous than the borrowers should be entitled to expect. This has probably been caused by the willingness of American financial institutions to lend money to Central Europe at comparatively low rates. It is hoped, however, that the German Reparations Loan fiasco will lead to a great appreciation of the risks lenders take in subscribing to loans of this nature, and that when terms are being negotiated for other issues in this market, the lender will be more generously catered for.

Rumour has it that a Hungarian Loan will be the next on the list. In view of recent events, the terms of this issue are likely to prove more attractive than originally anticipated. It has further been suggested that Yugoslavia is desirous of raising a loan in this country. In view of the political risks entailed, it is difficult to see how such a loan could be floated on terms likely to attract the British speculative investor, as it certainly appears that such a loan could not be classed in any higher category than a speculative investment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC DEBENTURES

In this Review last week attention was drawn to an issue of £3,500,000 5 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock that was being made by the General Electric Company Limited. Holders of the existing £2,919,340 of 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock are being given the right to convert their holdings into this new issue, receiving, in addition to an equivalent amount of the new stock, a cash payment of £4 per cent. and interest accrued up to September 30. The last day for holders to exercise these rights is on the 29th of the present month. In view of the difficulty of securing really sound industrial debentures in the first flight to show a yield of over 5 per cent., it is suggested that holders of the original debentures would be well advised to carry out the exchange that is now offered to them. The subscription lists for cash applications were closed at 12 o'clock on the day the prospectus was published, the whole issue having been heavily over-subscribed.

PERU PREFERENCE

Peru Corporation 5 per cent. Preference Stock is now obtainable at some 18 points lower than the price at which it was standing earlier in the year. This setback has been caused by fears, probably well justified, that the full 5 per cent. will not be paid for the Corporation's financial year. At the same

time, in view of the fact that at the present level a 5 per cent. dividend would show a yield of no less than 13 per cent., it will be realized that the price has been marked down sufficiently, not merely to cover a reduction in the dividend this year, but a reduction of virtually a permanent nature. As it is felt that at the worst a year or two only will elapse before stockholders again receive their full 5 per cent., it is suggested that at the present level Peru Preference constitutes an attractive speculative investment to lock away and retain for brighter days, which, as far as this Corporation is concerned, eventually appear inevitable.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Although the directors of Imperial Airways have deemed it desirable to allocate a much larger sum for obsolescence and depreciation for the year ended March 31 last, which has entailed a reduction in the final dividend, the ordinary shares of this company appear to offer an opportunity for investment by that class of investor who is prepared to accept a low yield for the time being, provided it is coupled with possibilities of substantial capital appreciation over a period of years. The directors of Imperial Airways are not merely strengthening the position of their balance sheet, but are increasing the confidence of their shareholders by adopting a sound and conservative financial policy, and although in the Stock Exchange, as a result of the dividend cut, the price of these shares has been seriously depreciated, it is suggested that this procedure merely presents an excellent opportunity for investors to acquire an interest in a growing industry such as this company represents.

NICKELS

Lord Melchett recently issued an encouraging report as to the present position and future prospects of the International Nickel Company on his return from Canada. Taking the long view, there can be little doubt that the International Nickel Company has a great future. Taking the short view, however, opinions are by no means unanimous, for, although there are some who suggest that International Nickels at the moment are standing at too low a level, there are others who contend that for the time being the shares are not merely high enough, but are actually too high, in view of the serious condition of the copper market and the apparent difficulty the company would experience in materially increasing the demand for its nickel. It would seem probable that anyone selling his holding of International Nickels at the present level will have an opportunity of re-purchasing them at a lower level. At the same time, those who have purchased these shares to lock away over a period will probably eventually have no cause for dissatisfaction.

OUTSIDE BROKERS

Despite the fact that business on the Stock Exchange continues at so low an ebb it would appear that outside share brokers of an undesirable type are finding a certain section of the community ready to listen to their share-pushing endeavours. In view of the constant warnings that have been voiced in all sections of the Press against these undesirable activities, it would at first appear unnecessary to again refer to the subject in these notes. Bearing in mind, however, the rich harvest that these outside dealers are believed to be reaping, it is deemed expedient to again remind readers of these notes that in no circumstances whatsoever should they have any financial transactions, excepting through channels the integrity of which is absolutely above suspicion.

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